VOL. CXXIII. No. 1609a. SPECIAL FEATURE—CHRISTMAS IN SNOWY LANDS. THE SPHERE, NOVEMBER 24, 1930
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE."

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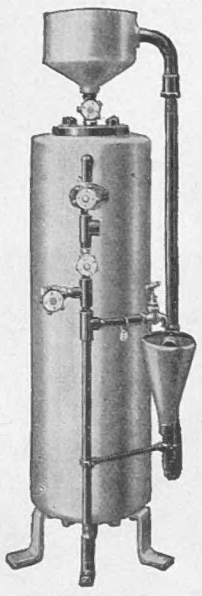

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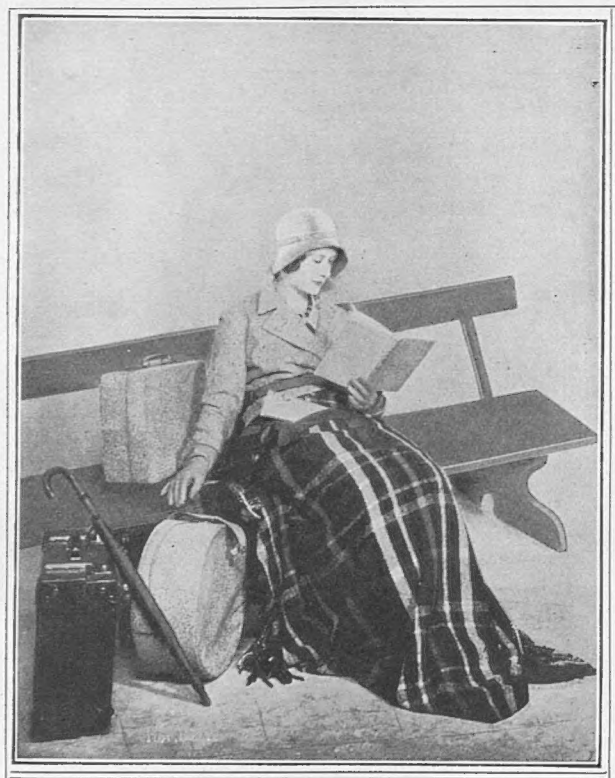

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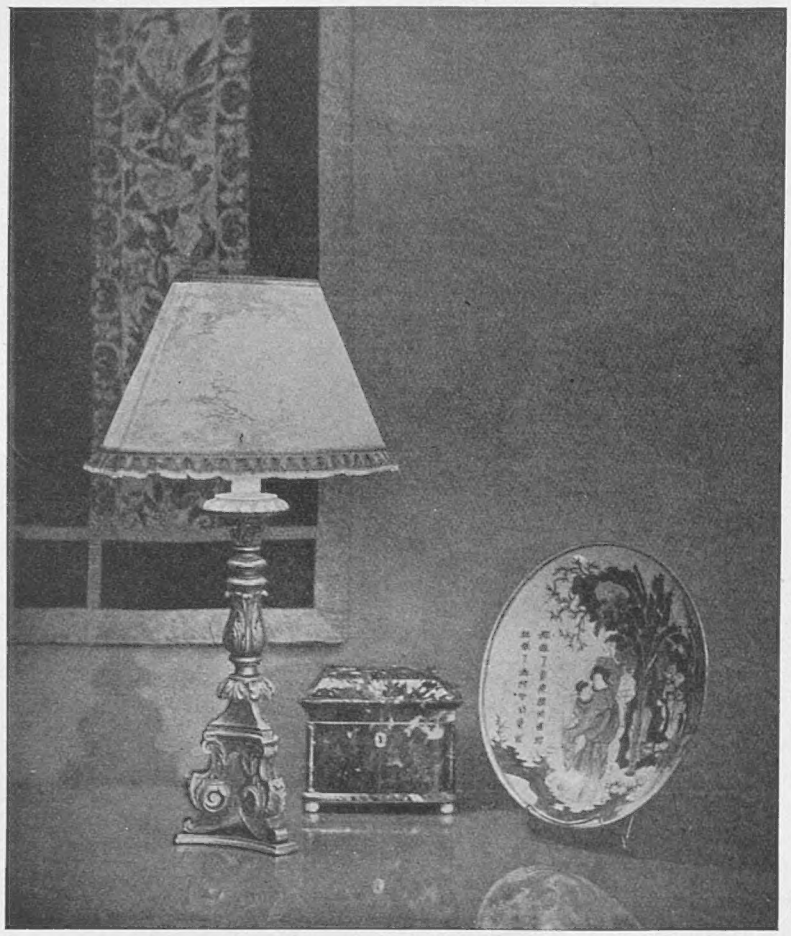

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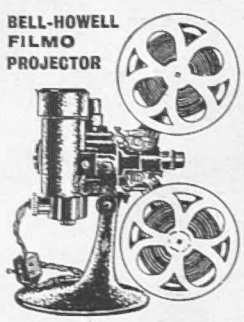

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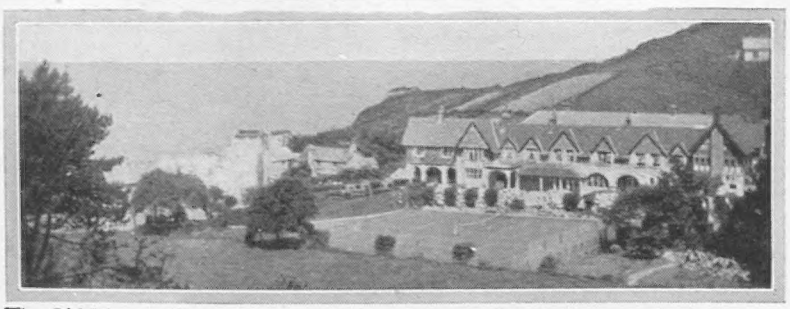

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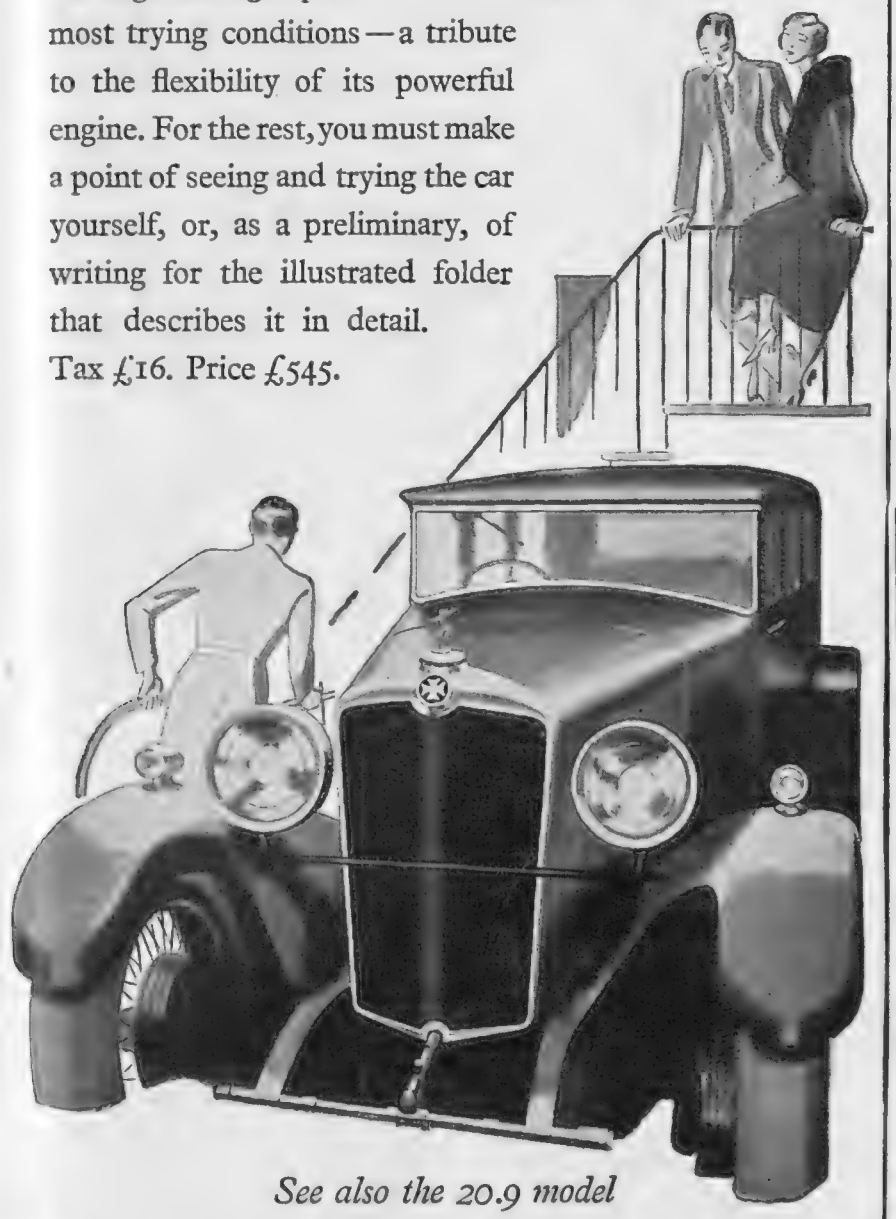

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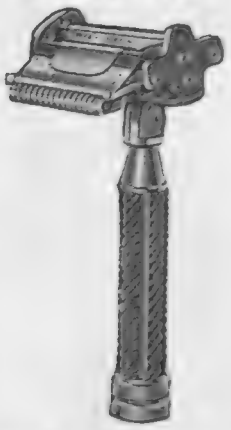

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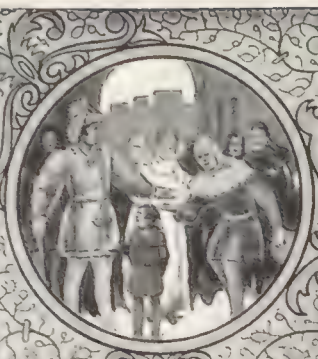

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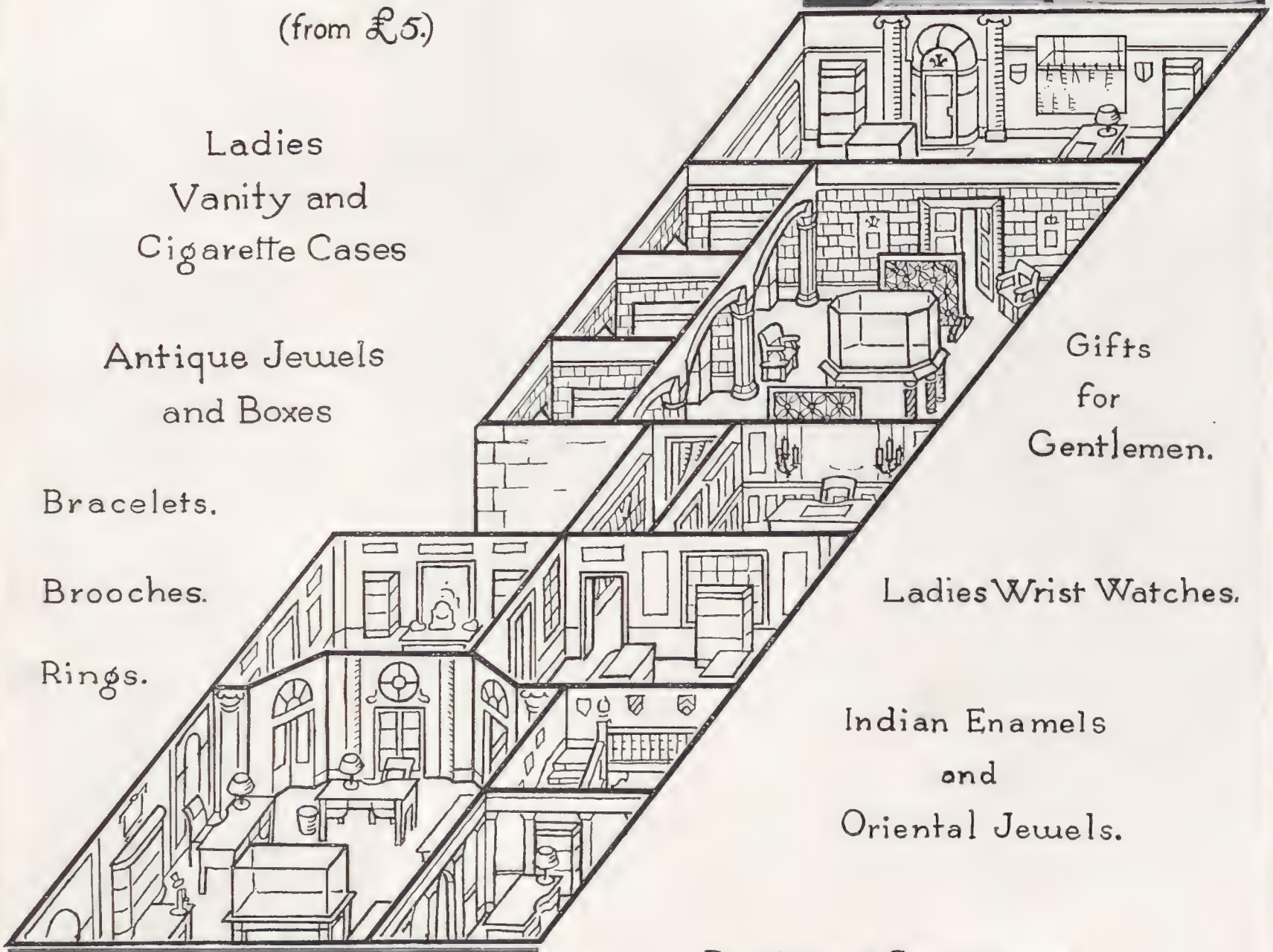

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Volume CXXIII. No. 1609a. THE SPHERE, NOVEMBER 24, 1930

The Sphere

xmas 1930

With which is incorporated "Black & White"

Price Two Shillings

The Harbinger of Good Things

by ANNA K. ZINKEISEN

Walk up, Walk up! For Christmas bells are ringing!
Walk up, Walk up! For Christmas fare is spread!
Walk up for Verse to set your spirit singing,
Or Tales to make the hair stand on your head!

Rataplan — Rataplan — Hear my drum's throbbing cry!
Rataplan — Rataplan — Now walk up and buy!

Walk up, Walk up! For a feast of pleasant stories!
Walk up, Walk up! Deep draughts of beauty here!
Walk up for Art's attraction, Colour's glories!
Walk up for the Christmas Number of "The Sphere"

Rataplan — Rataplan — My drum's beating clear
Rataplan—Rataplan—The charm of "The Sphere"

NOW WHEN JESUS WAS BORN IN BETHLEHEM OF JUDÆA IN THE

PAUL EDMONDS, THE ARTIST, SEES THE NATIVITY AS IN A CRYSTAL VISION

DAYS OF HEROD THE KING, BEHOLD, THERE CAME WISE MEN FROM THE EAST TO JERUSALEM, saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him. When Herod the King had heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him. And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born. And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judæa: for thus it is written by the prophet;

> And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Juda,
> Art not the least among the princes of Juda:
> For out of thee shall come a Governor,
> That shall rule my people Israel.

Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, enquired of them diligently what time the star appeared. And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also. When they had heard the king, they departed; and, lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was. When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshipped him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh. And being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod, they departed into their own country another way.

ANNING BELL, THE ARTIST, SEES CHRIST AMONG THE CHILDREN . . .

READING THE CHRISTMAS STORY

From the Painting by Mark Symons in the 1930 Royal Academy Exhibition

When Winnie the Pooh *is laid aside*
And Alice *has gone through the Looking Glass;*
When the dolls have gone out for a motor-ride
And the beasties are busy in Noah's class;

When sick with a cold is her bestest friend
And sinister looks the Elf in the Fire;
When the marvellous games of "Let's Pretend"
And romps and Meccano seem to tire;

When all her toys, from her big blue ball
To her kitten, lose for an hour their glory,
She reads the tale that can never pall—
The Golden Legend of Christmas story.

—*G. H. W. R.*

She leant forward—"You are English, aren't you," she said

THE BLUE HAT

How Love Walked in the Muddy Wintry Streets of Ostraburg

By MERIEL BUCHANAN

Illustration by ABBÉ

Every morning at a quarter to ten Peter Trevelian passed No. 15, Emil Strasse, and every morning at precisely the same moment the Grand Duchess Marie Ernestine peeped out between the thick lace curtains to watch the tall, upright figure go swinging down the narrow street.

Peter Trevelian was in Ostraburg on business connected with a Government contract for grain, and the little Grand Duchess Marie Ernestine was there because after her father had been dispossessed of his estates by the German Republic he had come to live in this small and rather dreary town in East Prussia, partly because it was cheap, partly because it was near Köenigsberg where he had spent his youth, but chiefly perhaps because there was excellent fishing to be had in the surrounding lakes.

Many things were new and strange to the Grand Duchess in Ostraburg. She missed the sound of the birds singing outside her window, the scent of the flowers in the garden, the space and comfort of the big white palace which were strangely lacking in this small grey house with its meagre furniture and restricted outlook. She found it difficult to get accustomed to having only old Johann, her father's former chief huntsman, and his wife Greta to wait on them, and she found it still more difficult to learn the value of money, to get used to the idea that things which had formerly seemed to her absolute necessities were now quite unattainable luxuries. On the other hand there were none of the restrictions and conventions which had hampered her every movement in the little German Court where she had been brought up; there were none of the rules which had been laid down from time immemorial for the daughter of a reigning Grand Duke, and she was free to come and go as she pleased, to go out when she liked, and eat where and when she liked, without hands of shocked horror being held up in the air and scandalized voices ejaculating in chorus, "Aber Köenigliche Hoheit!" (It is unheard of).

In summer life in Ostraburg had its compensations. One could go out in a yellow tram to the sand dunes and the sea, about twenty miles away; one could walk in the fields gay with cornflowers and poppies; one could go out fishing on the lakes, or pick blue berries in the pine woods, or one could go expeditions to Köenigsberg or to more distant red-roofed villages where geese cackled noisily at one from the gutters and flaxen-haired children stared at one with wondering blue eyes. But in the winter when the rain beat steadily against the windows, when the snow fell and melted into wet slush, and the grey dusk came very early in the afternoon, then the Grand Duchess Marie Ernestine longed with a sick, aching longing for the gaiety of the little South German town with its theatres and concerts and dances, for the companionship of the Court, for lights and music and laughter.

On those long empty evenings, sitting in her father's room reading or sewing by the light of the oil lamp on the table, she visualized the barrenness and bleakness of the surrounding country; the flat, endless fields; the wet, straight roads; the little villages huddling under the driving rain, trying to seek shelter under the tall spired churches from the wind blowing fiercely across the sand dunes. Now and then perhaps a solitary wayfarer plodding along with head bowed against the storm, or a cart toiling down the roads with the wheels sinking axle-deep into the mud.

Mud! There would be mud everywhere! Crawling upwards from the swamps, covering the roads, caking one's shoes, splashing on one's clothes. Mud. Marie Ernestine shivered, thinking of the Battle of Tannenberg, thinking of many things which were best forgotten.

It was one rainy morning early in October that she first saw Peter Trevelian stride past her window, the collar of his Burberry turned well up, his soft hat turned down over his eyes, a worn old pipe in his lips, his hands buried in his pockets. He looked so different from the ordinary inhabitants of Ostraburg who passed her window that, being still young enough and also unmodern enough, to be sentimental, she began to weave him into a romantic setting, to invest him with a glamour that was entirely of her own imagination.

It was quite a long time however before Peter Trevelian realized that No. 15, Emil Strasse was any different from the other houses in that rather drab little street, then one morning he happened to lift his head to watch a flock of wild geese flying across the storm-driven sky, and in doing so his eye fell on the second floor window of Number 15, and saw a girl's face looking down at him. "By Jove!" he exclaimed to himself, "what a lovely girl. Who on earth can she be?" But though he looked up every morning after

(*Continued on page 58*)

TOP-HATS AND BONNETS IN A MID-VICTORIAN BUS, 1859: From the painting by H. M. Egley, now on exhibition at the National Gallery of British Art, Millbank, loaned by Mr. Hugh Blaker

THE ROMANCE OF THE BUS

By MARY CROSBIE

They called the hansom "the gondola of the London streets." But the omnibus, in its very name, had more humanity and more romance. Perhaps that was why Blaise Pascal invented it—*la carrosse à cinq sous*—in Paris, close on three centuries ago. Being a philosopher he saw the humour of shutting a dozen of us in a box to contemplate each other while our brains rattled and our livers shook.

It was Pascal who had the idea, but he had not the money to launch these tentative "Generals." So he interested several dukes and counts, got a benevolent decree from King Louis, and seven vehicles, built to carry eight passengers each, began to roll over the stones and mud of Paris. Two Commissaires of the Châtelet, twenty City Archers, and a troop of cavalry attended the opening meet. The Parisians fought for seats in the new coaches, but when the novelty ceased to be novel they decided that it was pleasanter to walk. Which quite probably it was. "The *carrosses à cinq sous* were of no real utility," says Mr. H. C. Moore in his history of *Omnibus and Cabs*, from which I draw this tale. They gradually ceased, and it was not until the time of Louis Philippe, the Citizen-King, that Paris saw the omnibus again. By then Pascal was a French classic, and his connections with stage-carriages was forgotten. This time the omnibus was not prematurely born. It had found its hour, and a grocer at Nancy found it a name.

The grocer—*his* name was Omnès—had hit upon a very neat bit of advertisement. He had painted over his shop "Omnès Omnibus," which as an instance of the early Selfridge style is not at all bad. In the suburbs of Nancy lived a certain M. Baudry, ex-officer and proprietor of Turkish Baths. M. Baudry had set up a *carrosse* which ran from the town to the baths for the convenience of his customers. He saw the grocer's advertisement, and genius responding to genius, he christened his conveyance an "omnibus."

The story gains in excitement. In Paris, where the new vehicles were growing very popular, lived Mr. George Shillibeer, an Englishman who had been a midshipman in the British Navy and had left the sea to become a coachbuilder. A strange turn of occupation. Mr. Shillibeer, seeing how much the Parisians liked these omnibuses, thought it might be worth while to introduce them to his native land. He returned to England and began to advertise "a new vehicle called the omnibus." Those were days when M.P.'s quoted Horace, and even persons of shadowy gentility knew a certain number of Latin tags. "And what, pray, is the plural of omnibus?" asked the classic-tainted public. "Omnibuses," answered the ex-midshipman, boldly. But the better sort wondered if it oughtn't to be *omnibi*.

The other day, in the museum of the London General Omnibus Company I sat inside Mr. Shillibeer's omnibus—or rather an exact copy of it. It is a long, gay, green vehicle with wreaths of flowers painted on its sides, bright yellow wheels and red, yellow-fringed

(Continued on following page)

The artist has depicted the interior of the bus with meticulous care, from the soap and black-lead advertisements on the curving roof to the details of the flowers and parasol carried by the youthful lady

THE BAYSWATER BUS IN 1895
From the painting by G. W. Joy

THE ROMANCE OF THE BUS

(continued from preceding page)

blinds. The seats are comfortably cushioned in red velvet and there is ample room for spreading skirts and voluminous surcoats. There sat I, alone and unvoluminous, in the museum silence. Not a sound from those "three handsome bays" that drew the "new vehicle," when it set out from the Yorkshire Stingo in 1829. The lamps either side of the coachman were dead. The person of great respectability whom Mr. Shillibeer appointed to "attend his vehicle as conductor" (in a sort of midshipman's uniform) had taken his respectability into oblivion. But the neat letters in their wreaths of roses still promised to convey me to Islington, Paddington, Bank, Diorama. Islington, where Charles Lamb might be walking. Paddington Green, where the genteel residents were lamenting that the new democratic vehicle would lower the tone of the neighbourhood, and the small-wasted young ladies were thinking how romantic it would be to travel in the care of Mr. Shillibeer's "persons of greatest respectability" and to improve their French accent by conversing with these young gentlemen, all of whom had shared Mr. Shillibeer's Parisian experiences. And I should have liked to have gone to the Diorama, whatever it was.

It must have been very agreeable—the painted wreaths and the handsome bays and the polite young conductor and the brisk drive along the new road. But soon the persons of greatest respectability were replaced by uninteresting persons in velveteen, and poor Shillibeer was trying to get the better of conductors and drivers who cheated him. He tried a patent device by which each passenger trod upon an iron plate fixed in the step, which registered their number. But a gang of the conductors' friends smashed it up. Then he tried a clock system. Each passenger was asked to turn the hand of the clock to mark his entrance. But some of them were too lazy and some feared the conductor, and there were humorists who spun the hands round until they registered such a number of passengers as would have swamped the omnibus. In reading Mr. Moore's history of those days and doings, a very melancholy aspect of human nature is discovered. Mr. Shillibeer provided newspapers for his passengers and a box into which they might drop pennies to pay for the privilege. A later idea was books. But the books were stolen and, says Mr. Moore, there was seldom anything but buttons in the box.

Newsboy offering a copy of the "Star" to a bus traveller in Queen Victoria's days

The bus evidently went along Piccadilly and the Strand and Ludgate Hill to the Bank. The fares were posted outside the bus

A photograph of Mr. Shillibeer, taken at Brighton in 1860, shows him a large-faced man with a fringe of whisker under a stolid chin, two locks of hair curved forward above his ears, and a book held like a sceptre upon his knee. Not an idealist you would say, and it is sad to know that in spite of the gay start his buses played him false. Rivals arose—the railway among them—and when he began to run omnibuses to Greenwich, the railway took the same route. Public opinion backed the buses and even sang of them, "those elegant omnis" in which—

> Pleasure and comfort with safety combine,
> They will neither blow up nor explode like a mine

—or a railway. Yet after all the railway won, and poor Mr. Shillibeer gave up omnibuses for undertaking, and provided "Gentlemen's funerals for 10 guineas, tradesmen's and artisans' for £8, £6, and £4." Apparently it is more profitable to bury people—anyway they can't cheat you of your fare—than to convey them living. The shillibeer funeral coaches did well, but they did Mr. Shillibeer out of some fame. Up to that time an omnibus was as often as not called a shillibeer. When the name came to mean a hearse, to talk of going by shillibeer sounded a little grim. So in the end "omnibus," despite its refractory Latinity, ousted the shillibeer. But at all events Mr. Shillibeer had provided it with a plural.

When Queen Victoria came to the throne London was rich in buses. There was the Favourite, which went to Islington; and the Eagle which went to Pimlico, and not long ago I saw a modern Eagle, a single-deck scarlet motor-bus, numbered 15, and bearing down Ludgate Hill. And there was the Royal Blue. Originally, says Mr. Moore, the blue was green, but the proprietor had it painted blue and christened Royal because he once had the honour of getting his bus and himself out of Queen Victoria's way. A portrait of the Queen painted on the door gave it further distinction. They say the portrait was cut out of the door when the last Royal Blue retired, and that it still exists.

You may see a picture of an Early Victorian bus in the London Museum, and a dashing affair it looks. *Punch* of the 'fifties and 'sixties provides plenty of data about them. In shape they seem unpleasantly like a hearse.

(Continued on following page)

CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS

From a drawing by R. Wood

THE ROMANCE OF THE BUS

(Continued from preceding page)

The driver sat up on the top. The conductor stood on a step at the rear and had to jump off every time the door was opened until he was given a little step of his own, a narrow perch to which he hung by a strap. The painting by W. Maw Egley in the Tate Gallery shows him peering in upon his two lines of passengers, and I notice that there is still a slightly nautical look about his stiff hat.

But the elegancies—newspapers, mirrors, books, decorative coachwork, graceful and courteous persons of great respectability—were all gone. The bus of the 'fifties and 'sixties was a shabby ark, and the conductor a raucous individual with a gift for back-chat, who blocked up the window with his person and breathed beer and onions over his passengers and banged the door shatteringly. His method of communicating with the driver was to bawl over the top of the bus, unless he had check strings attached to the driver's arms. By pulling the driver's left arm he instructed him to draw up on the left side of the road; by pulling the right he suggested that the passenger wished to land on the right. There was no vexatious interference with a vehicle's disposition to meander across the street in those spacious days.

I have tried in vain to find anyone who really remembers the first knife-board buses. Yet there may be men living who as lads rode on it when it startled the town in 1851. From early volumes of *Punch* I can readily suppose it was dangerous to get up, more dangerous to get down, and not particularly safe when you were seated on the roof, with only a low foot-board to prevent you from sliding off. You mounted by an iron ladder placed almost flat against the bus. I am told by an elderly acquaintance that this iron rigging was still in use on the Richmond bus thirty-five years ago—a last reminiscence, perhaps, of Shillibeer's sea-fever.

My own memory goes back to a steep and narrow stair, a roof cambered like a road and little garden-seats for two. At the L.G.O.C. museum I mounted those stairs once more and found them as steep as memory painted them. It was a brown Baker Street–Waterloo bus. A green King's Cross bus was of an older type. It had a door, and was a genuine, though late knife-board. I climbed to the once coveted seat by the invisible driver—a long step to the hub of the wheel, a longer step left, another step right, and a final stretch that landed me on the box. It was easy enough in a present-day skirt, though not so easy groping for foothold in descending. Yet a picture in *Punch* of 1864 shows two bonneted females sitting up there. How they managed it, with their crinolines and their half-dozen of petticoats. . . .

The panorama of the 'sixties is before us in scores of books and pictures. It is homely and familiar, not dim as the London of the first shillibeer. The caped "cabbies," the spoon-bonnets, the "swells" with their long three-cornered whiskers, the milkwoman carrying her cans on a wooden yoke, the powdered footmen with padded calves, the sweeps decked with garlands on May-day, the organ-grinders, the hansoms—it is gone, but a few odd bits of it lived on long enough for us to touch hands with it. For even at the beginning of this century London was still trundling to work

(Continued on p. 54-6)

THE COURTIER TURNED MONK PLEADS WITH HIS KING—

Rahere Seeks the Aid of King Henry the First in the Building of the Church and Hospital of St. Bartholomew at Smithfield

Drawn by W. Bryce Hamilton

One day in the reign of the First Henry a monk knelt before his king earnestly beseeching him to grant him aid in the building of a church and hospital. It was Rahere, first prior of St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield, who thus knelt. He had been on pilgrimage to Rome when, being struck with fever at the Three Fountains, he saw in a vision the blessed St. Bartholomew. Rahere vowed to build a church and hospital upon his return to England. He was restored to health, arrived in London, and eventually there arose towards Heaven the fine church of St. Bartholomew in the "smoothfield" beyond the city walls. This drawing was made when the life of Rahere was re-enacted recently in the choir of the old church. Rahere's own tomb is seen in the background.

AT THE ZOO:

"We are waiting for our Christmas buns"

"TWO WILLING VANNERS"—as the sale advertisements call them—celebrate Christmas with a sprig of mistletoe

"MARY AND THE CHILD": From a fifteenth-century statue group in wood by Simon Lainberger

THE VIRGIN MARY, AS SEEN BY A GERMAN WOOD-CARVER OF THE 15th CENTURY: This little-known group combines a sense of realism with a very bold simplification in the treatment of the hair both of mother and child. The work is by Simon Lainberger, and the date about 1470. It is now in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum in Berlin, which gives the place of origin as Dangelsheim. The way the child's head is protected by the mother's head-dress or cloak is a masterly touch of broad naturalism

Alesso Baldovinetti's Virgin wears a delicate muslin head-dress of diaphanous thinness and a carefully tailored robe

He stretched a hand pointing. "I tore the hat off that there figger a minute ago . . . Oh, my Gawd, she's moving."

THE DUMMY FIGURE

By Agnes Grosier Herbertson

Author of "Deborah," "The Summit," "Patience Dean," and Other Novels

Illustration by Conrad Leigh

Dorrie, sliding out of the light dreamless sleep of the bedridden, became aware of the leisured ticking of the old clock—a comfortable sound.

Then she became aware of more than that, of a faint humming vibration, not unpleasant, of furtive movement. She was about to say, "Is that you, Aunt Julie?" when a man's voice said in a whispered anger, "Damn those old floors!—You'd say they was made of iron."

Another voice said, "Hush-sh-sh. You shut up, will you?"

"There ain't anyone to hear," grumbled the first voice, but after that was silent.

Neither voice was the voice of Alf Preece who often came to see Aunt Julie, nor of young Mr. Wakefield, who looked in every day to manipulate Dorrie's poor little body in his firm, gentle hands in order to "make her quite well again"—so he said, and able to walk, some day p'raps to run about like other little girls.

No, these voices were not kind; they were, indeed, rather alarming. They frightened her. Dorrie wanted to cry out, so alarmed and taken aback was she, but fortunately she didn't.

She turned her head noiselessly—she had no difficulty in moving her head and hands—and peered through the barricade of dummies, some plump, some thin, some clothed, and some unclothed, that Aunt Julie had whimsically placed between her couch and the rest of the sitting-room.

Most of the dressmaker's room was in shadow, in some places in queer grotesque shadow; this was because somewhere in the middle of the floor there was a light.

Dorrie could not make out the nature of the light, but staring with pale face and dark, distended eyes 'twixt the foamy thrills of a dummy lady in evening dress and the severe coat and skirt of another lady on whose wooden knob of a head Aunt Julie had humorously set a wide-brimmed hat, she could make out the heads of men bobbing against its brightness.

Her little hands clenched themselves. She held her breath and watched them.

"Two men," she thought. "No, there are three."

There were three men; two dark heads and one that was closely capped with tight, sandy curls. All three men were either kneeling on the floor or sitting back on their heels. The shabby rug that ordinarily covered the middle of the floor was rolled aside; Dorrie could just make that out. But she could not see what the sandy-haired man was doing to the floor, the something, it seemed, that caused that faint humming sound.

The sandy-haired man was very intent on what he was doing; so were the other two men intent on it. In their crouching attitudes and the glances they now and again cast round was secrecy; and something other than secrecy that made the little girl turn cold.

These were not plumbers come to examine pipes—though Dorrie knew pipes could be found in all sorts of extraordinary places. Apart from the fact that Aunt Julie could not be back for ever so long, and there had therefore been no one to let them into the flat, there was something about the strangers that warned her of danger, that whispered of ugliness.

What exactly were they doing? She could not see.

The child could raise her head a little more but was afraid to do so lest the mass of linings, patterns, and fluttering strips of material which Aunt Julie had cast on the top of her and her rug should slither to the floor. Dorrie guessed that these had helped to conceal her, and that was why these strange men did not know that a little girl of twelve who couldn't use her legs lay on the couch at the far end of the room.

They were making a hole in the floor: she did get that. But why? Did they think that Aunt Julie had a secret hoard hidden away under the strong dark boards like the people in the thrilling books Aunt Julie read? Aunt Julie sometimes read bits from her books to Dorrie; lest Dorrie should weary, she said.

But, dear me, they must be very stupid men if they didn't know Aunt Julie was *poor*. Aunt Julie made lovely frocks, but the frock she wore was plain and shabby. Aunt Julie didn't pretend to be rich, either. Dorrie repressed a sigh. She had often wished that she had a bag of fairy gold to give to Aunt Julie who was so good in having Dorrie to stay with her so that young Mr. Wakefield might make her better.

It was the bag of fairy gold that did it. Suddenly Dorrie remembered THE BANK.

Aunt Julie's two rooms and kitchen were above the Bank; and of course in the Bank were bags and bags of gold, drawers full and cupboards full, and great chests. Dorrie often pictured them to herself. She had thought the Bank people must be very rich with all that money; but Aunt Julie told her that lots of the money belonged to pretty poor people, hundreds and hundreds of them, who had given it to the Bank to keep for them because their own houses weren't very safe.

Now, all in a flash, Dorrie knew why these men were making a hole in the floor. It was in order to get through to the Bank and steal the bags of gold.

They were *thieves*.

They would take the money that belonged to the pretty poor people.

And if they discovered that Dorrie was there, watching them . . . Her eyes dilated. She wanted to scream.

But she mustn't scream; that was what she mustn't do. She hadn't screamed one day when, in examining her back, Mr. Wakefield had hurt her quite a lot. Young Mr. Wakefield had said: "Brave girl, brave Dorris."

(Continued on p. 62)

BOBBY AND BAYARD,

The Sons of Robert Livingstone Clarkson, Esq.

From the Painting by Harrington Mann

Exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1930

The Troubadour would at least break the ennui of the castle

GAILY THE

Touching their lutes, sighing their lays, these MEDIÆVAL BARDS were the answers to the unspoken desires of lonely ladies. Up and down the land this TUNEFUL BROTHERHOOD roamed, bewitching fair ladies and incidentally entertaining their husbands. Never before or since have poets been so potent. In their capacity of professional entertainers, they broke the desperate ennui of the mediæval castle.

The troubadours are credited with the best method ever discovered for making love to a lady *in public and out loud*.

■ Disregarding centuries of research in the opposite direction, the troubadours lived up to their name, which signifies one who finds or invents. More, they dared submit their invention to these startling hazards: the lady courted was almost invariably married, and while the troubadour sang her the *chanson* that proclaimed his devotion her husband was often one of the crowd. Add the fact that the husband was vastly entertained by it all, at least for the time being, and it will be generally acknowledged that the troubadours were men of sheer genius.

■ Such were the bards who from the twelfth to the fourteenth centuries graced the castles of France, Italy and England and chanted their lays to eager mediæval ears. Whether in origin knight or clerk, monk or merchant, if they were masters of their craft they need never lack for hospitality, gifts, musculine applause and feminine adulation. They were the newspapers, the circulating libraries, the theatres and spice of life of their day. They were the embodiment of chivalry, the essence of etiquette and in very sooth they were the answer to the matron's prayer. If the maiden's prayer was then, as is still alleged, for a husband it averaged a fair number of answers, but then what had she besides the usual food and shelter? It is easier to state what the husband gained. By marriage he annexed a dowry more or less generous and assurance of the legality of his children. These were in general the chief considerations. Afterwards, why bother about a little thing like love?

■ The bonds of matrimony began slipping during the well-known decadence of Rome. The Dark Ages did nothing towards tightening them up. A wife was merely one of the goods and chattels and a dull, cramped time she had of it. Husbands found a lively battle far more amusing and they saved their chivalry and admiration for a worthy foe. For their consorts it was a hard life and no use weakening.

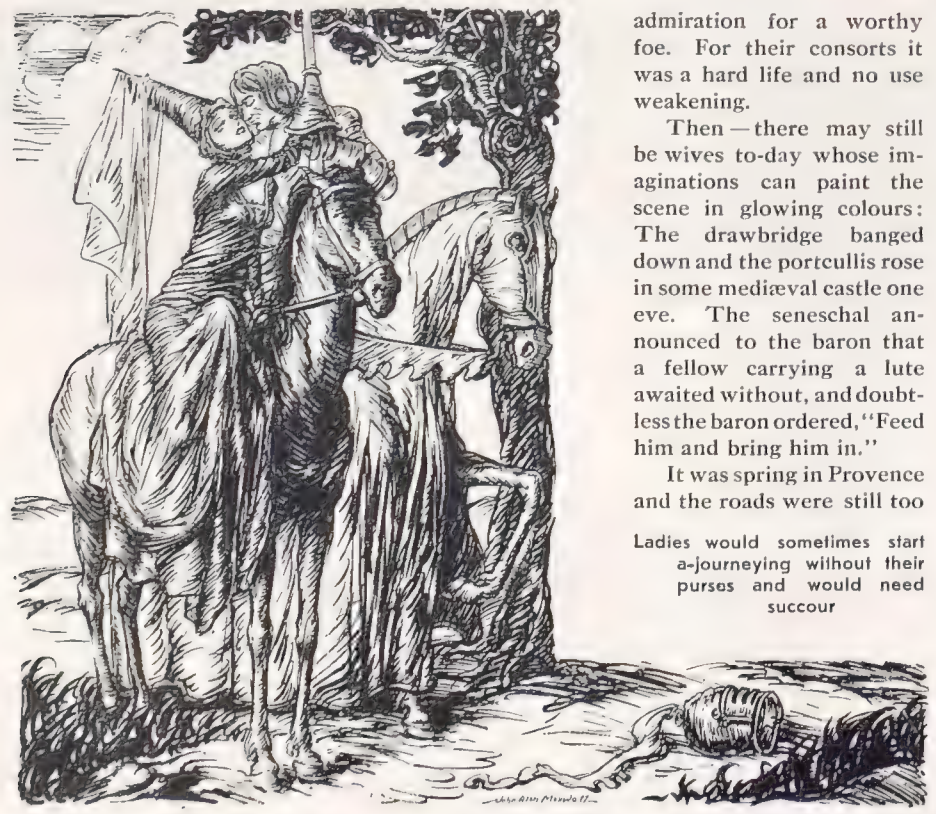
Then — there may still be wives to-day whose imaginations can paint the scene in glowing colours: The drawbridge banged down and the portcullis rose in some mediæval castle one eve. The seneschal announced to the baron that a fellow carrying a lute awaited without, and doubtless the baron ordered, "Feed him and bring him in."

It was spring in Provence and the roads were still too muddy for an exhilarating galloping foray and some snappy pillage and slaughter. The baron was bored to extinction and he was ready even to listen to some lute strumming. So the fellow with the lute rose in the flickering torchlight of the great hall and played and sang the song he had composed.

He sang mighty deeds of arms, while all the company, starved for entertainment, hearkened, rapt to his every word. Then the troubadour tuned his lute anew and courteously sang a *chanson* of love for his hostess. How the poor disillusioned lady brightened! Her eyes shone with the light of dreams unfulfilled. Seeing, the troubadour grew bolder. He sang for the lady and for her alone. Why, she was really pretty after all. The ice melted from her heart, roses bloomed in her cheeks She gazed on the troubadour and knew romance.

The baron shouted in vociferous approval of the lay. It made him feel younger. It also reminded him of a rather charming lady in waiting. Let the fellow with the lute abide in the castle. Between sieges and expeditions he would dissipate the frightful ennui of the place.

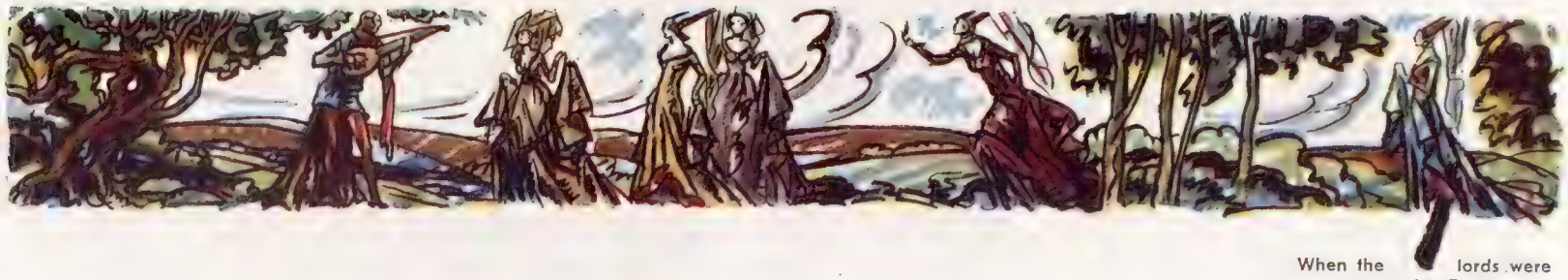
■ Ah, yes, let him remain, the baroness sighed. And so came troubadours to the castles. Clever chaps, they knew their best ally. They devoted themselves so constantly to the mistress of the castle that it became an article of their gospel that chivalric love might be professed only for a married woman. Except in Portugal, their love songs rarely were sung to maidens.



Ladies would sometimes start a-journeying without their purses and would need succour

In the course of time this state of affairs burst on the consciousness of husbands. Their objections encountered such facers as the new but spreading law of the Code of Love, which flatly declared that there was no love between a married couple. Not a great many other lords and masters could or would trouble to argue that point. Then, reflected the barons and the knights, whatever would they do without a troubadour around to enliven the place? On with the lovemaking, then, but within reason. It must be platonic, they insisted, and so it was—in theory.

■ Besides, the troubadours and their songs were teaching strange but admirable lessons to folk, high and low, far and wide. A new deference and respect for womankind was born. Men learned how to woo and win a fair lady by devotion and submission rather than by



When the lords were away at the Crusades

TROUBADOUR

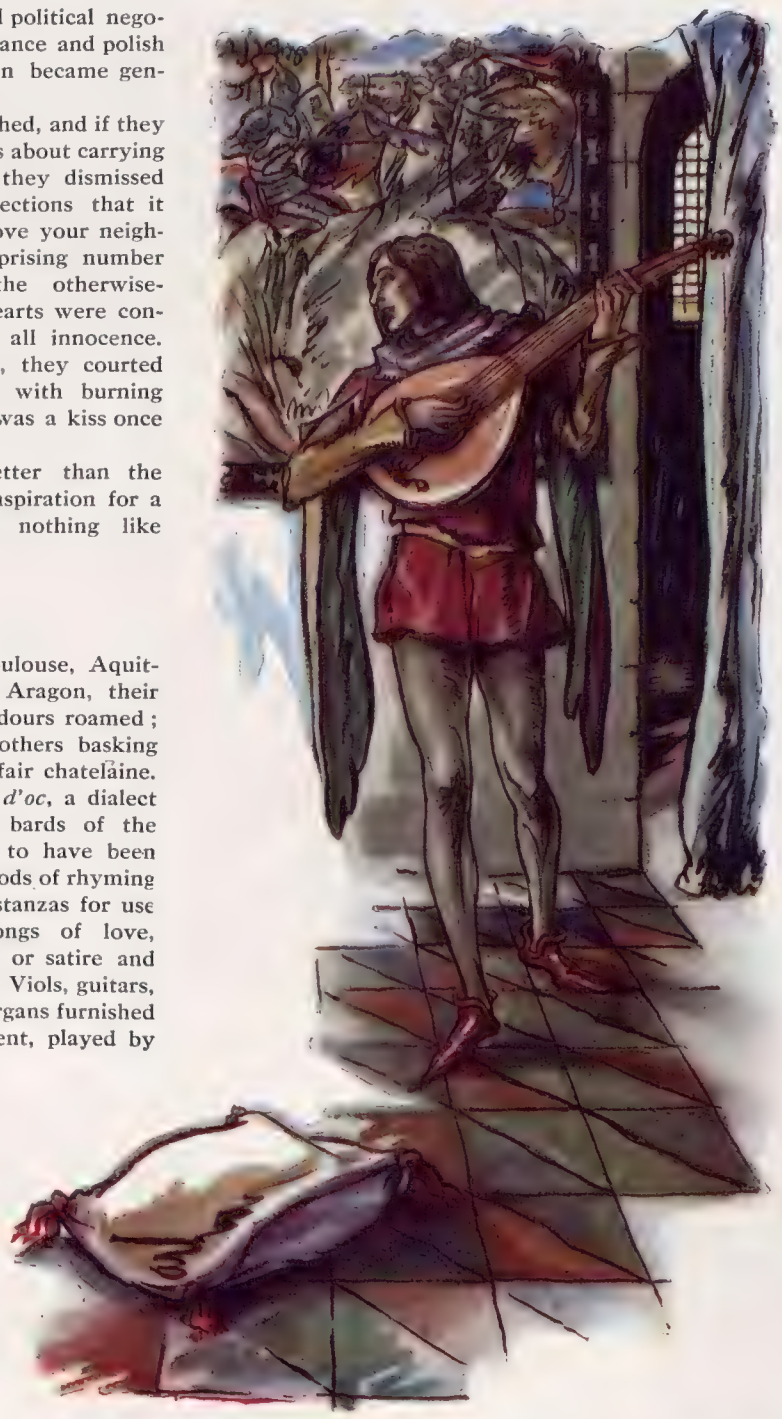
By Fairfax Downey

Illustrations by John Alan Maxwell

strength and mercenary and political negotiations. Grace, taste, elegance and polish embellished the age. Men became gentlemen.

The troubadours flourished, and if they were bothered with scruples about carrying on with married women they dismissed them with ingenious reflections that it was a Christian duty to love your neighbour. Then, too, a surprising number of their affairs with the otherwise-wedded ladies of their hearts were conducted and continued in all innocence. They sang their sweetest, they courted with ardour, they sighed with burning passion—and their reward was a kiss once a year.

■ Yet nobody knew better than the troubadours that as the inspiration for a first-rate poem there is nothing like unrequited love.



The Troubadour would pour forth his soulful lay in the first or fourth degree

■ Through Provence, Toulouse, Aquitaine, Savoy, Navarre and Aragon, their favoured lands, the troubadours roamed; some never halting long, others basking years in the smile of one fair chatelaine. They sang in the *langue d'oc*, a dialect widely understood. The bards of the south of France are said to have been masters of thirty-four methods of rhyming and seventy-four kinds of stanzas for use in their *chansons* or songs of love, *sirventes*, poems of praise or satire and debates on tender subjects. Viols, guitars, lutes, harps and portable organs furnished them musical accompaniment, played by the troubadours themselves or by the *jongleurs* who followed them. This lower order ranged from apprentice troubadours to dexterous jugglers and tellers of immodest tales, some of which could bring a blush to the cheeks of even a mediæval matron. *Jongleurs* were sometimes companioned by girls, and these *jongleuses* were reputed capable of corrupting an entire monastery.

■ Although the amusement the troubadours furnished was one of the most important peace moves of the day, since it broke the monotony that drove many a baron to war, some of the minstrels were formidable warriors themselves and anything but lap-dogs for milady. Richard Cœur de Lion was one of their fellowship. They cherished the tradition of Tallefer, who led the charge of the Normans at the Battle of Hastings, singing the Song of Roland as he rode; through the charge he tossed his sword in the air and when after the last toss he caught it by its hilt he brought the blade down on several English pates before he fell fighting.

■ Guilhem IX, Count of Poitiers and Duke of Aquitaine, also was a troubadour. Dante himself is said to have been the typical troubadour spiritualised.

More earthly was Bertran de Born, who was perhaps the originator of the troubadour stratagem of writing a *sirvente* which so bitterly maligned his lady love that rivals were scared away. He is also credited with the epigram that a lady is old when she is careless about her hair, when she talks too much and when she has no lover—or two. The troubadours never forgot that their satiric pens were a sharp weapon dreaded more than lances.

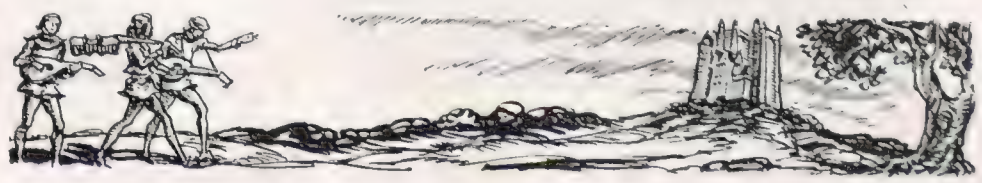
■ Perhaps the most exceptional among all the troubadours was Peire Vidal of Toulouse, at once a great lover and a great fool. When he applied for hospitality at a castle the baron lowered him in a bucket down into a well and threatened to cut the rope if no song was forthcoming. Up from the depths came the voice of Vidal hurling a neat defiance couched in rhyme. Welcomed then, Vidal paid court to the ladies but boasted too much of his conquest, with the result that his tongue was slit by one irate husband. He had rough treatment from the Lady Louve. The bard was inspired to the quaint conceit of dressing himself up in a wolf skin since his love's name meant she-wolf. Thus clad, he dropped around to pay his court, but the heartless dame called for her horse and hounds and went a-hunting with the poor troubadour as the game. When Vidal recovered from the enthusiasm of the hounds, he went on a crusade, married a Greek girl supposed to be royal and for days enjoyed his exalted position. Even after that fiasco he was called back to the castle for the sake of his songs.

■ The course of true love not infrequently failed to run smooth for the troubadours. Initiates of the tender passion though they were, they were apt to be carried away by the fervour of their own verses. A jealous dame administered to a troubadour a love potion that fixed his features in a permanent grin, ruining the effect of his sad songs until he could obtain an antidote. One extraordinary couple, a man and woman troubadour who were married and to each other, were for a long time highly successful by their method of scouting out local data in advance and basing their lays on it. They failed only when, at the castle of a newly remarried widow, they sang a tactful song of condolence and capped it with a joyous wedding hymn. For the latter they received handsome presents but for the former they were sent out to the kitchen to be beaten by the cook on the order of the lady who happened to consider her first husband remarkably good riddance.

One abhorred name was struck from the roll of the troubadours as that of a black traitor. This was Folquet de Marseilla. In his career as one of the tuneful brotherhood he fashioned polished verses and sang melodiously. Yet the cold intellect of Folquet quenched the divine fire; the ladies were well aware that his heart was not in his songs.

(*Continued on a later page*)

The Troubadour carried all the news of the outer world to the castle halls



WITH VILLON ON

To all unto whom these letters shall come, We, the Official and Special Commissary of the reverend Lord and Father in Christ, Dom. Guillermus, by Divine grace Bishop of Paris, charged especially by the said reverend Father in Christ to inquire into crimes and derelictions committed in this Town, City, and Diocese of Paris and elsewhere where crimes may be discovered, and personally to apprehend, punish, and correct delinquents taken in the said Town, City, and Diocese, extend salutation in Our Lord. We hereby give notice that We, at the instance and request of the venerable Faculty of Theology of Our maternal University of Paris, have ordered the following report to be extracted from the register of prisoners in Our Court of Paris:

Master Guy Tabarie, clerk, brought from the Châtelet in Paris, where he has been held since the 26th day of June, in the year of Our Lord 1458, on the charge that he and his accomplices did break and enter and abstract from the sacristy of the chapel of the College of Navarre in Paris the sum of five hundred gold crowns, the property of the said Faculty:

On Wednesday, the fifth day of July, the said clerk, being sworn on the Holy Gospels, made confession and declares it to be true, and deposes that in the week of Christmas of last year (*circa festum Nativitatis Domini ultimate lapsum*) he met Master François Villon and one Colin des Cayeux, whom he never saw before but once, in company with the said Master François, who ordered him to make ready a supper for them in the tavern called the *Mule* before St. Mathurin's church, and that he accordingly did so. And they supped in this place, there being with them a certain monk named, Dom Nicolaus of Picardy, and one Petit-Jehan, whom the accused does not know. And

CHRISTMAS EVE

This narrative is taken from the Archives Nationales which are preserved among the documents of the College of Navarre. It is dated July 22, 1458.

he deposes that after supper the said Master François, Colin des Cayeux, and Dom Nicolaus forced him to swear to reveal nothing of what he was about to see or hear, and to accompany them: but they did not tell him what this might be. And he deposes that after this they went together to a house formerly occupied by Master Robert de Saint Simon, into which they entered one after the other over a low wall, and there took off their cloaks and entered the said College of Navarre by climbing a high wall giving into the court of the said College, with the help of a ladder which they took in the house.

And he deposes that he, the accused, did not enter the said College, but stayed in the house until they came forth again. And he deposes that when they entered the said College the time was ten o'clock at night or thereabout, and when they came forth it was nearly midnight; and that they told him that they were the richer by a hundred gold crowns, and showed him a small bag of coarse cloth in which there was gold (but he cannot say how much), saying that if he said anything they would murder him; and in order to ensure his silence they gave him ten crowns which he, the accused, took and kept. The remainder they shared among themselves, making him stand aside, and then approached him, saying there were two good crowns for dinner to-morrow.

He deposes nevertheless, that he heard afterwards that the sum they shared was much greater, and that the next day he told them that they had taken more than they had declared to him; and that they answered that this was true, and that each of them had had a hundred crowns.

(Continued on a later page)

Decorations by Thomas Derrick

THE TEA CEREMONY

at the cherry dance

By MIKI SUIZAN

The above is an example of the living art of Japan; details of the tea ceremony are here depicted with great skill and charm by Miki Suizan, one of the present-day school of wood block colour-printer artists of Japan

THE MOON AND I:

on a Japanese terrace

By YOSHIKAWA KAMPO

Here is a second example of the delightful work of the modern Japanese wood-cut printers. Yoshikawa Kampo is one of a brilliant set of artists which includes Ito Shinsui, Yamada Banka, Ohara Shonen, Uyehara Konen, Miki Suizan, and other clever workers

The Thaw

From the water-colour drawing by William Hoggatt, R.I.

THE COFFIN STONE

By A. C. Laughton

At the point where the Swaledale road crosses Oxnop Beck a winding lane turns off to Ivelet, a cluster of grey stone cottages standing at some distance from the road. The lane, fragrant with sweet-cecily and gloomy with the shade of close-growing trees, crosses the Swale by a fine pack-horse bridge stretching like a taut bow across the peat-brown waters; from its summit old dalesmen point out the track over the steep slopes of Kisdon and Melbecks Moor, along which the villagers in bygone days bore their dead to the nearest consecrated ground at Grinton, a track still known as the Corpse Way. Many sad processions have marched the nine or ten miles down the valley to the accompaniment of a dirge-like song, resting their burdens on the great slabs of stone—the Coffin Stones—which are to be found at regular intervals beside the rough track. One lies at the foot of Ivelet Bridge, some three hundred yards from the hamlet, where the black alders grow beside the river and flood waters rattle great boulders down stream as though they were old dried bones. The Coffin Stones are still regarded with awe by the dale folk, who will walk yards out of their way to avoid stepping on one; and although I consider myself far from being superstitious, I would not now step on one for a king's ransom.

It was the ninth of September, a bright, warm day ending with one of those wonderful sunsets we so often witness at this season. I had crossed from Tan Hill to Keld, lingering by the way to admire the vast stretches of purple moorland lit up with the sunset glow and dark hills outlined against an amber and turquoise sky. All thought of time was out of my mind until, passing through Muker, the church clock struck nine, when suddenly I realized that darkness had fallen. The black hills loomed precipitously above the valley, enclosing it completely, their irregular outlines rimmed against a moonless sky. Not a leaf, not a blade of grass moved in the still air, and the deep silence was broken only by the distant bark of a dog and the constant sound of tossing waters.

Reaching the bridge over Oxnop Beck, I turned off the road to Ivelet, stumbling over loose stones down the winding lane through the pitchy darkness, a layer of chilling air which hung about the river meeting me like a wall of ice. Rounding the corner of the bridge I stepped on the Coffin Stone, and had proceeded only a score yards when a heart-rending moan rose through the night from the foot of the bridge, a moan such as I had heard but once before—beyond the Menin Gate—and had hoped never to hear again. Instantly turning, I stood and listened; not a sound could be heard but the rattling of pebbles along the river-bed and the gurgle of swirling waters. I half turned to continue my way, hesitated, thinking I ought to go back—the hoot of an owl came up the river from Satron side, followed by the plaintive whistle of a curlew from the moors beyond Yew Tree Scar. The ice-cold air seemed to chill my spine, and I was about to resume my journey when a flickering light appeared a few inches above the Coffin Stone. I stood, unable to move, the thumping of my heart audible to my own ears. Slowly the light spread out above the whole length of the stone, swelling into a mass of luminous vapour. Up through the darkness it rose and curled in dense volumes, becoming invisible, however, on reaching a height of five or six feet from the ground; then, gradually contracting, it seemed to crystallize and drop through the air like fine flakes of snow, assuming a solid form which grew in definition until, there on the Coffin Stone, as plain as in the full light of day, lay a corpse swathed in white bandages, a corpse minus the right leg. From the line of trees across the river an owl screeched loudly, and again from the foot of the bridge came that agonizing moan.

With an almost superhuman effort I turned and ran as quickly as my trembling limbs would move up the hill, past the dark and silent cottages, stumbling along the rough path, until at last I reached the cottage on Dyke Heads where I was staying the night. Panting, perspiring, I scarcely dared remain outside long enough to recover my breath. When I entered the large square room my host and his son were seated before a cheerful fire discussing the rebuilding of a dry wall in a neighbouring pasture.

"Thou looks warm," was old Tom's greeting. "Hasta been running?"

"Yes," I replied; "it was very cold down by the river, so I ran to keep myself warm. . . . It's weird down by Ivelet, Tom, after dark," I added, sensing that my explanation had not been found convincing.

"Thou's comed over t'owd brig, then? Aye, it's a grand brig," Tom continued, as though soliloquizing.

"It's a fine bridge, Tom. There's a Coffin Stone at the foot of it, isn't there?" I asked, feeling that Tom would have some strange story to relate concerning it.

"Aye, aye, there is," but no story followed.

"Is there any—anything strange about it?" I asked, not to be denied.

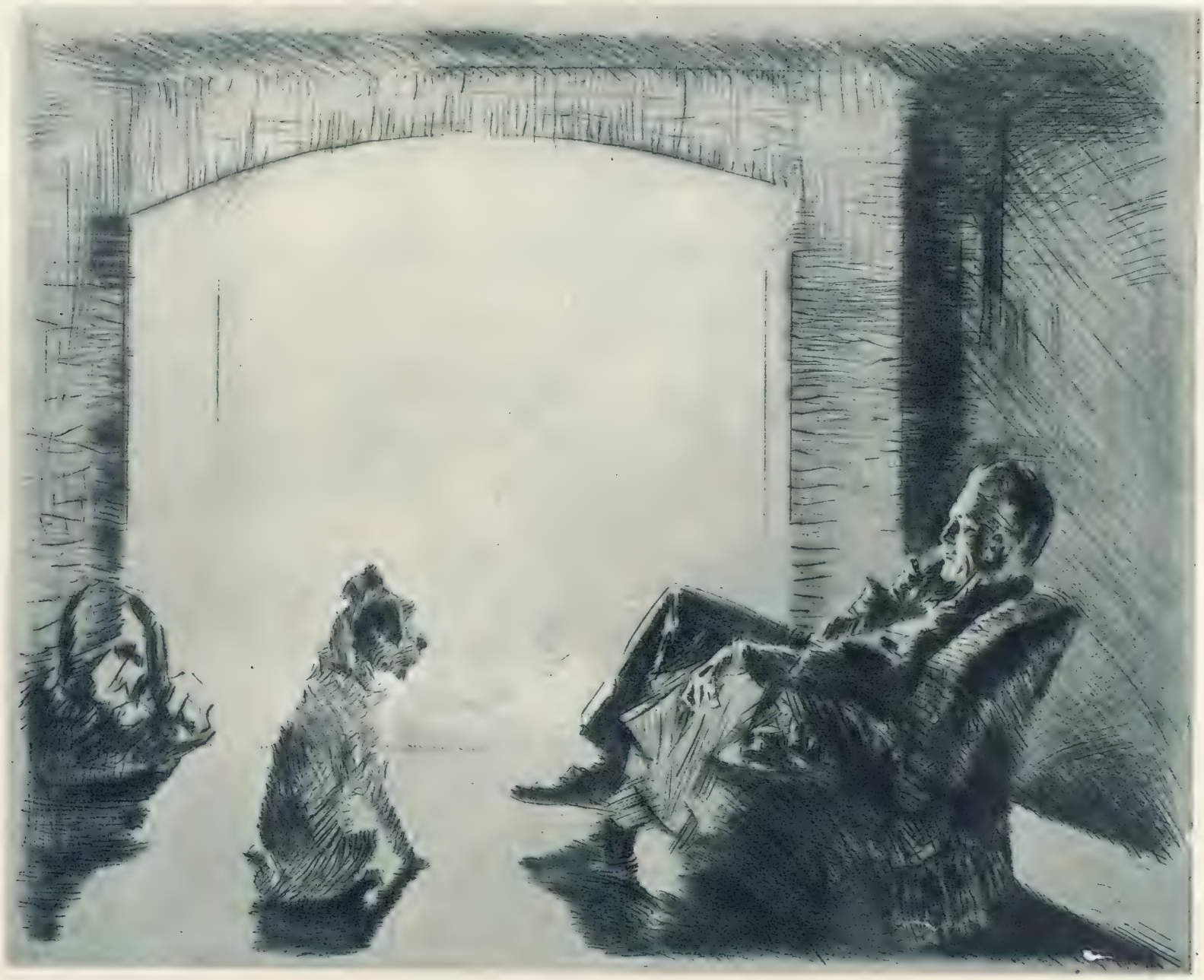
"Not as I know on," replied Tom; "but ——" and again Tom became silent.

"But what?" I inquired. Evidently there *was* some story or legend which Tom needed pressing to tell.

"Well," continued Tom, "it's allus seemed queer to me ——." I waited patiently. "I mind coming home fra' Muker one neet some years sin'—it'll be twenty-four years sin'"—said Tom, rubbing his brow thoughtfully. "I'd just crossed t' brig, an' there again t' Coffin Stone were half-a-dozen lads playing abart i' t' bottoms; among 'em wur Ruth's Bill—dost mind Ruth's Bill?" he asked, turning to his son, who nodded casual assent. "Aye, a fine, strappin' lad 'e wur, too, bud a young divil, allus i' bother; there 'e wur, dancing up an' down t' Coffin Stone on yan leg—sheer divilment it wur—an' t' other lads stood there wi' open mouths watching 'im an' wondering, I 'spect, 'ow 'e dared go dancing on t' Coffin Stone.

"'It's time ye wur ganging 'ome,' I said to 'em, 'an' there'll be a load o' bother fer thee, me lad, 'fore tha's finished, carryin' on like that.' Bud 'e tuk no notice o' me, an' I left 'im theer dancing away an' showing t'other lads 'ow little 'e cared abart t' Coffin Stone. Poor lad! I often think abart it; 'e went out to t' War, an' 'e'd nobbut been out two days w'en 'e 'ad yan on 'is legs blown off, an' deed. Aye, it's allus seemed queer to me—it wur t' ninth o' September w'en I seed 'im dancing on t' Coffin Stone—I allus mind it, 'cos it wur t' day afore t' big flood, w'en Gunnersit Brig wur washed darn—an' it wur t' ninth o' September w'en 'e 'ad 'is leg blown off," finished Tom in an almost confidential whisper.

"And it's the ninth of September to-day," I added, thinking with deepened awe of the strange sight I had witnessed within the last two hours.



"PALS": *From an etching by Diana Thorne*

Diana Thorne's etchings are making their way throughout the English-speaking world, and their value is steadily increasing. She is one of the few women etchers to achieve real success while still very young, and it is confidently expected that she will ultimately rank among the foremost artists in her own particular line. No less an authority than Haldane McFall

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has written of Miss Thorne: "She has mastered drawing, the weak spot of most etchers —at least women etchers. . . . She has got away from Kate Greenaway, and she takes her stand beside any man. She utters her own visions, sees with her own eyes, and compels her hands' skill to express her desire and intent. In short, she is a true artist. . . . She gets action admirably, and above all things

"FIRST AID": *From an etching by Diana Thorne*

she works within and through the blithe spirit of childhood." Miss Thorne loves children, and she delights in portraying them in those dainty, artistic etchings which have already given her a very high place in contemporary art. She has an equal love for dogs, and in most of her pictures she manages to introduce a puppy of some kind. In fact, she has many dogs as sitters, and these

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she hires from various dog-fanciers and dealers, and then becomes so attached to them that she finds it impossible to return them and ends by buying them. Consequently there are always several dogs of various ages and lineages in her studio. Miss Thorne is a Canadian, having been born in Winnipeg in 1896. She delights in travel and adventure

CHRISTMAS in Snowy Lands

In the section of which this is the first page is given a series of pictures illustrating Christmastide in lands where snow is not a rare or uncertain incident, but countries in which the coming of the snow is more certain than most things.

The districts selected include the cold eastern half of Europe, Tyrol, Holland, Sweden and Eskimo-land.

The flowered headdress and lace muffs of the maids of Mezökövesd

A visit to Mezökövesd even on a cold winter's day like the one seen above is a thing to brighten the heart, so full of vivid colour is the place

The beautiful peasant girls of Hungary are clever enough to realize that the old costumes of their country help to enhance their good looks. It has not been difficult to persuade them to keep to the gaily-embroidered wide skirts worn by past generations, but with these they wear modern high-heeled shoes which give an added piquancy to their appearance. Their characteristic high boots are kept for wet-weather use.

In the diverse motives of the embroideries on dresses, shawls, etc., one sees a strong, Asiatic influence, especially in the wide crowns worn by the women of Sàköz, which make them look like Oriental goddesses who have been gifted with the European loveliness of clear colour and laughing faces. In certain districts, such as Mezökövesd, the national costume is worn by all, even by tiny children; turning the town into such a feast of colour that people make a habit of motoring from Budapest to revel in the colour and movement that there they find around them.

The clothes of the men, too, in most parts of Hungary help to give a feast-like air to the country. One comes upon a flock of sheep guarded by a shepherd who wears a white, richly-embroidered coat, with its empty sleeves flopping in the wind, a round black hat, black high boots, and a black handkerchief twisted round his neck. The wide plain becomes alive in a moment to a beauty that in too many other countries has been allowed to decay. It is good for the eyes and good for the spirit also that men and women who work should show the beauty of labour in all they wear—vestments worn in honour of a god.

And though this enthusiasm for the Hungarian peasant may seem exaggerated, those who know the country and the delightful people who live in it will agree that one cannot say enough of the sombre beauty of the land nor of the gay loveliness of its inhabitants. In these days of drab uniformity it gives one pleasure to see men and women who keep their individuality intact and who understand that the dignity of work is helped by a dignity of bearing.

YOI MARAINI.

Keeping warm near the family stove in Mezökövesd—one white-capped sister is at work on a tunic of gay design

CHRISTMAS IN SNOWY LANDS: HUNGARY

Drawn by FOSTER JARRETT from colour material supplied by Yoi Maraini

In many parts of Hungary native dress is still in use, the joyous colours of ancient days contrasting with the many drab features of modern life. At Meskovezd nearly all the inhabitants wear their ancient traditional dress, which looks its brightest when the winter snows lie thickly on the ground. Then the brilliant reds and other primary colours are a joy to the eye (see notes on opposite page)

Skating on the Zuyder Zee off Volendam

From a drawing in colour made specially for this Christmas Number of "The Sphere" by WILLY SLUITER, the well-known artist of Amsterdam

CHRISTMAS in SNOWY LANDS

Specially illustrated by Dutch and Swedish Artists

Great joy in Holland when (and if) the great news is broadcast that the Zuyder Zee is freezing!

That does not happen very often; King Frost must have reigned in undiminished power for many days before the surface of the entire Gouwzee, between the province of North Holland and the Island of Marken, solidifies to a stable sheet and the sea is capable of sustaining thousands of skaters. Very rarely does the whole wide sweep of the Zuyder Zee freeze over. And when it does, to skate across it is a perilous proceeding, a high emprise which only the most daring achieved during the cold snap of 1928.

But the Gouwzee, the bay of the Zuyder between Volendam, Monnikendam, and the Isle of Marken, is skatable after ten days or a fortnight of hard frost, and here is concentrated in such weather the merriest of ice-sport—a veritable fair on the ice.

First must come those who rejoice in hazard, to try, step by step, the surface, with the aid of a wooden sledge, which, should the ice fail, affords some measure of safety. If one man has crossed successfully, then all barriers are removed with a vengeance!

Others follow, and if the frost hold, then one may see that exhilarating picture painted so often by great brushes of the past — Holland skating o'er the sea. Little stalls filled with cakes and sweets spring up on the ice—the *koek-en zoopies;* little booths for warming coffee are pitched; traps come from afar bearing special dainties, and the young of both sexes, hand in hand, line up and, with swaying bodies and striking blades, sweep across the frozen track of sea to "the little isle of beautiful clothes," the isle of Marken.

Trams, lorries, cars of every description bring the skaters—amateurs all—from all parts of the country, and the *villes mortes* of the Zuyder take on a momentary but vivid life that speaks of resurrection.

"Sweepers" keep the track polished, brushing away the ice-dust churned up by the blades of the youth, while the older generation keeps to sledges. It is no uncommon sight to see an old and beautiful sleigh with a spanking pair of gaily caparisoned horses, jingling with bells.

. . .

Yes, ice over the Zuyder Zee, and there is a holiday in Holland!

Alas, the picturesque and beautiful dresses of the island of Marken and the fishing village of Volendam are vanishing, little by little.

. . .

In the years 1928 and 1929, in very hard winters, we have seen the picturesqueness of the frozen zee. We shall not see the same picture in the years to come, for the great work of draining the Zuyder Zee, the creation of a new province, will make the Gouwzee a rich *polder* and will link the island of Marken to the mainland. . . .

And then the ice over the Zuyder Zee and the "Fair on a frozen sea" will be over for ever!

Dutch types in native dress on the ice

CHRISTMAS in SNOWY LANDS:

DALECARLIA, SWEDEN

Drawn by KERSTIN FRYKSTRAND for this "Sphere" Christmas Number

Sweden, a land of snowy Christmases, has still a wealth of old costume worn by its provincial inhabitants on Sundays and State occasions. In Dalecarlia a family goes to church in the ancient modes shown here. Father wears a wide-brimmed hat and long overall coat, while his wife sports an attractive little coat trimmed with fur, and a winsome head-dress. The little girl wears a cap and handkerchief bodice above a skirt similar to that of her mother

CHRISTMAS in SNOWY LANDS:

WITH THE ESKIMOS
OF THE FAR NORTH

The above painting has been made for this Christmas Number of "The Sphere" by Millar Watt from colour material supplied by a member of the Northern Patrol Service of the Canadian Government whose work takes him among the interesting people shown above. In the far northern districts of the Canadian Arctic lands these strange people, wearing their highly distinctive garb, pursue their daily tasks. One on the right can be seen producing fire by a thong and twirled stick; see notes on another page in this issue. On the left is an Eskimo mother with the fashionable fish-tail back to her outer coat

Drawn by HILDA HECHLE

"ACHTUNG"—The woodcutter homeward bound with the Christmas tree which is to decorate his homestead

CHRISTMAS in SNOWY LANDS:

TYROL:

Where Yuletide is Celebrated with Old-time Feasting, Dancing, and Mirth

I.—THE WOODSMAN

The people of Austria are remarkable for a natural nobility and refinement of feature allied to a magnificent physique, the latter doubtless inherited by reason of the exigencies of their hard mountain life and troubled history.

With the levelling influence of civilization threatening to efface national distinctions everywhere, it is refreshing to find that in the Austrian Tyrol many of the old customs and costumes are still retained by the natives of this fascinating country.

During a day's ski-ing on the sparkling whiteness of the snow-covered mountain-side, one may meet with the Woodcutter returning home with a young fir-tree added to the already very heavy load upon his sleigh. He is carrying wood for his fireside and the Christmas Tree that is to be decorated by his family. At any moment it seems as though he might be overwhelmed by the tremendous weight behind him, but he is very clever, throwing himself backwards, and using his feet as brakes. At the warning shout of "Achtung!" it behoves other users of the track to keep well to the sides.

II.—ON THE BRIDGE AT INNSBRUCK.

On Christmas morning, the echoing bells of Innsbruck chime the hour and call the people to mass—perhaps at the Court Church, where stand those twenty-eight wonderful bronze statues guarding the Tomb of the Emperor Maximilian I. Who that has seen it can forget the beautiful and dignified figure of King Arthur of England—of the legend of the Holy Grail?

After church the people may be seen gossiping in the square and upon the bridge over the green waters of the River Inn in all the glory of their gay peasant costumes. For many types of these, according to the "tal," or valley, from whence they come, may still be seen on Sundays and Feast-days, and are among the most interesting in Europe.

Many of the country-folk carry enormous umbrellas of various colours, and as these measure over 4 yards in circumference they would seem of a size more suitable to the sheltering of a whole family at once rather than of a single person!

Before the War, the gaiety of the scene was enhanced by the brightly-coloured and marvellously well-tailored uniforms; but these are not much in evidence now.

III.—THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

Christmas Day is celebrated by the assembled family in the great raftered parlour with feasting and with music, song and dance. The guitar and zither are produced, and generally accompanied by a jodelling chorus, one may see the national dances, which for sheer verve and boisterous agility can scarcely be equalled elsewhere.

The "Schueplattl," for instance, with much noisy slapping of the hands and thighs and stamping of heavy boots; and others, in which the stalwart peasant will lift with one hand his often very buxom partner, and whirl her around above his head. And again, he will actually dance upside down, his feet against the ceiling, his hands and weight resting upon the ample shoulders of his strapping partner. Tyrolese dancing sometimes calls to mind the courtship-dances of certain birds, in which the lady takes the more passive part, while the male bird tries to win her approval by his violent antics and posturing.

CHRISTMAS in SNOWY LANDS: IN OLD-TIME TYROL

Drawn for this Christmas issue of "The Sphere" by HILDA HECHLE

The two pictures show out-of-door and indoor life in Tyrol during Christmastide. It is a snowy land in winter, but the younger of the men go bare-kneed, as one may see in the upper view, which shows a group of villagers on the bridge at Innsbruck. The gay costumes of the different valleys—the dress varies according to the particular "tal"—form a colourful scene. Indoors merry dances are the order of the hour, the same gay colours characterizing the indoor dresses of both youths and maids

MOCKING THE AIR
WITH COLOURS IDLY SPREAD—

MACAWS : From the painting by E. J. Detmold recently on exhibition at the R.I. Galleries, Piccadilly

BIRDS of VARIED FEATHERS

Christmas Day at the Zoo

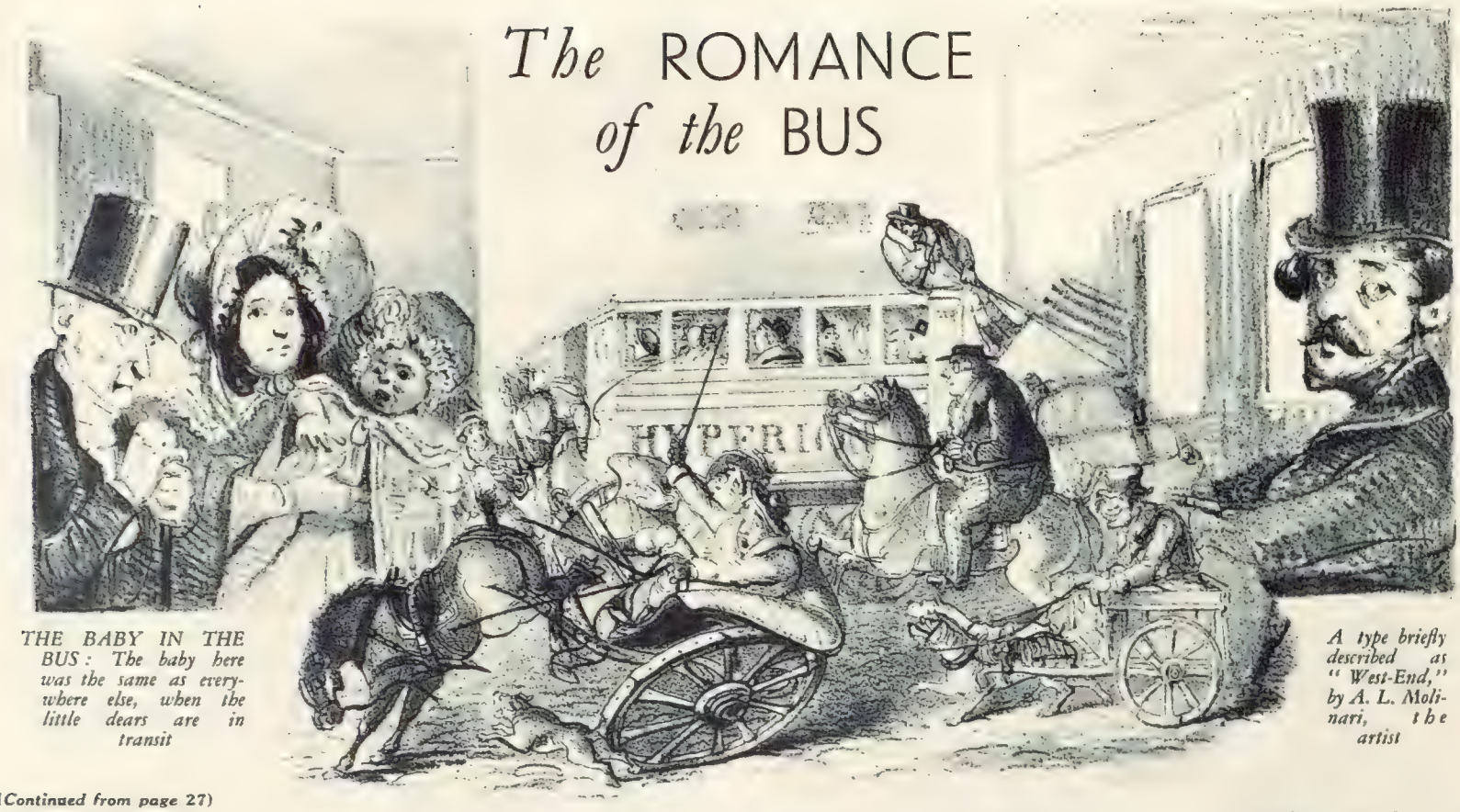
"Billy" with a Cracker

"What I don't know about the Zoo, sir. . . ."

"Looking backwards — you would hardly guess that I am a pelican. . .

"For a heron, I may wear my hair untidily — but my appetite is as good as any"

The ROMANCE *of the* BUS



THE BABY IN THE BUS: The baby here was the same as everywhere else, when the little dears are in transit

A type briefly described as "West-End," by A. L. Molinari, the artist

THE HYPERION BUS FORMS THE CENTRE OF A COMMOTION

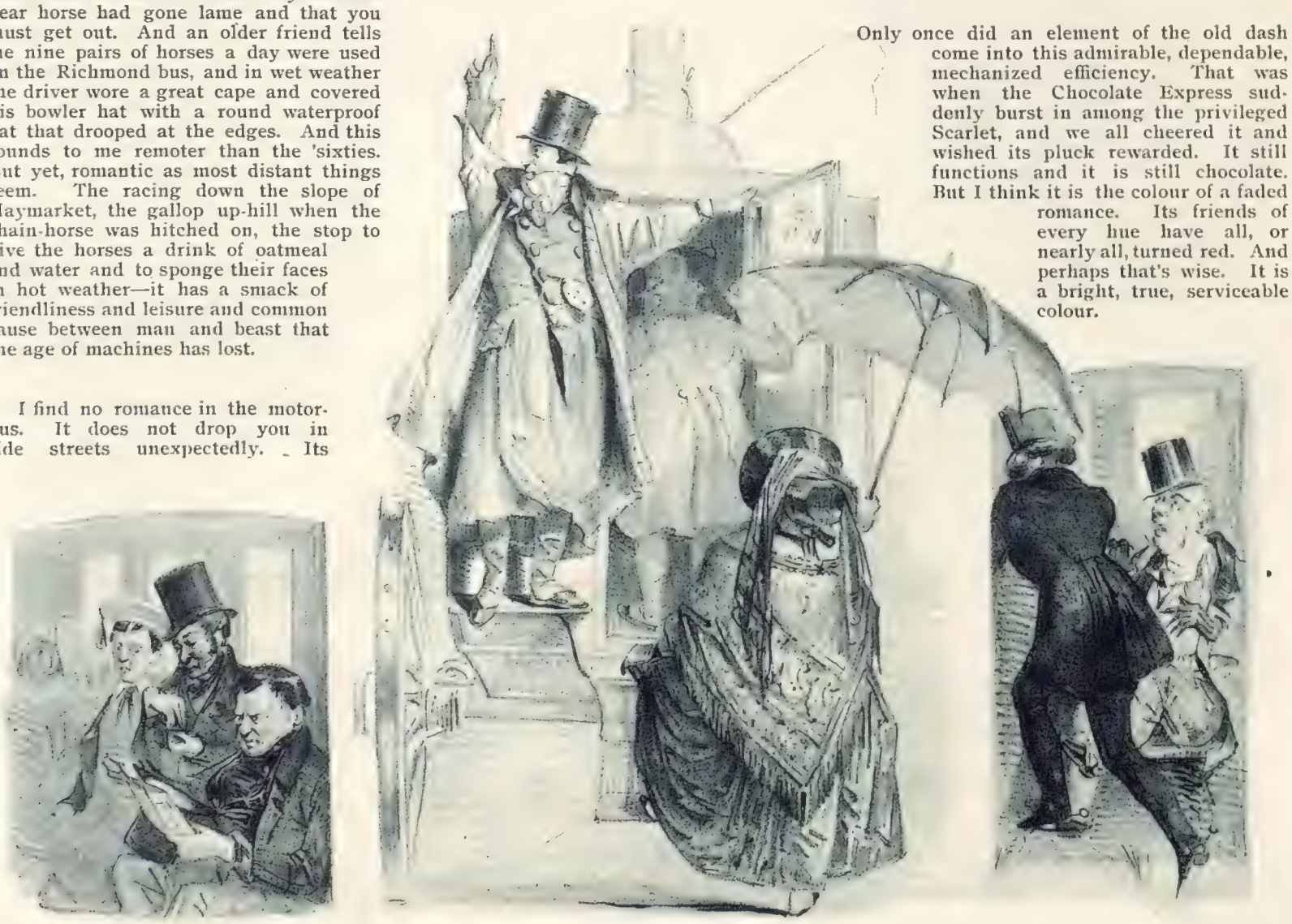
This picture appeared as an embellishment to a comic song entitled "The Omnibus," sung with unbounded applause by Mr. W. H. Williams at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. Each verse ended with a refrain—"Piccadilly, White Horse, Fulham, Hammersmith, and Kew, going down, going down!"

(Continued from page 27)

in the way Shillibeer — or Pascal — invented for it. There were 1,373 buses and 16,714 horses belonging to the L.G.O.C. in 1901. The top-hatted driver, with a pink rose in his button-hole, was yet a figure to admire, though the hansom cabmen still tossed at him the old cry of "Noah's Ark." When the bus took its longer journeys—say to Finchley or Richmond—little boys would turn cartwheels alongside and look for pennies from the outside passengers. Memory—my own and other people's—is a shifty thing, but I think the newsboys still boarded the bus to sell their papers. A middle-aged friend tells me he remembers the "pirates" in Fleet Street, and that their trick was to take your fare for a long journey and then turn down a side street and say that the near horse had gone lame and that you must get out. And an older friend tells me nine pairs of horses a day were used on the Richmond bus, and in wet weather the driver wore a great cape and covered his bowler hat with a round waterproof hat that drooped at the edges. And this sounds to me remoter than the 'sixties. But yet, romantic as most distant things seem. The racing down the slope of Haymarket, the gallop up-hill when the chain-horse was hitched on, the stop to give the horses a drink of oatmeal and water and to sponge their faces in hot weather—it has a smack of friendliness and leisure and common cause between man and beast that the age of machines has lost.

I find no romance in the motor-bus. It does not drop you in side streets unexpectedly. Its conductors do not speak French or exchange banter with other vehicles. They are a silent body of men, patient, and disillusioned. When the first of these motors appeared in the streets the drivers of horse-buses would whip up their teams and pass them, dismally smelling and impotent by the roadside. "Bust again, tin ribs," they would cry, and then turn to their sympathetic passengers and say, "They'll never last. Can't beat the old nags." The passengers, if female, would say, "No indeed, I'll never go in one. I value my life too much." Then the driver would make his whip-lash describe a serpent in the air and cry to his leader, "Get up, Bess. We'll win the Derby yet."

Only once did an element of the old dash come into this admirable, dependable, mechanized efficiency. That was when the Chocolate Express suddenly burst in among the privileged Scarlet, and we all cheered it and wished its pluck rewarded. It still functions and it is still chocolate. But I think it is the colour of a faded romance. Its friends of every hue have all, or nearly all, turned red. And perhaps that's wise. It is a bright, true, serviceable colour.



"TAKING IT EASY"

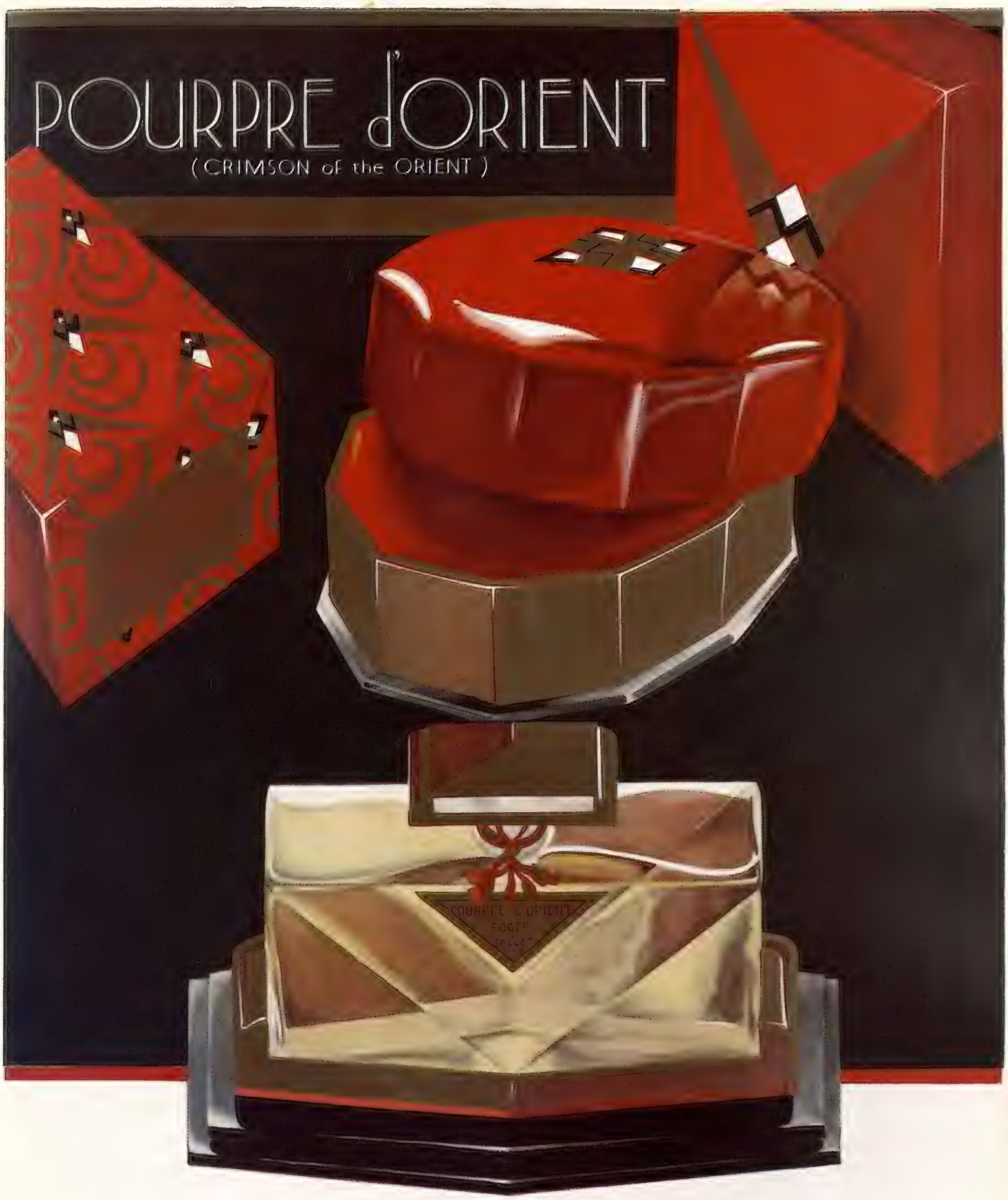
"BANK! BANK!"

"CORN HILL"

The drawings reproduced here were sketched and drawn by A. L. Molinari, and show vignettes of life in connection with the omnibus in good Queen Victoria's days

POURPRE d'ORIENT

(CRIMSON of the ORIENT)



ROGER & GALLET

PARIS

THE BLUE HAT

(*Continued from page 24*)

this, he never saw her again, for the Grand Duchess had caught that swift upward glance of his and was careful to keep herself hidden.

It was about a week later that a cousin of hers, who was working with a Paris dressmaker, sent her the blue hat, and Marie Ernestine, who had not had any new clothes for a long time, could hardly contain herself with excitement. Blue! It was the colour of the sapphires which her mother, who had been a Russian princess, had always worn. Star sapphires, deep and secret and full of mystery. Marie Ernestine had worn them at her coming-out ball; she had worn them again in St. Petersburg just before the War.

Looking at herself in the wooden-framed looking-glass on her dressing-table, memories came to her of the world that had been and that now was for ever swept away before her young, eager hands had had time to grasp the gifts it had seemed to promise her so lavishly. Memories of London and Paris and Vienna, of those weeks in St. Petersburg, and of a boy in the white uniform of the Russian Imperial Guard, a boy whose body lay buried somewhere in the swamps near Tannenberg. She shook herself quickly, bringing herself back to the present, back to the fact that she had a new hat, a hat that suited her beyond all question, a hat that was entrancingly modern, obviously expensive.

All the same the tears were not quite dry on her cheeks when her father walked into the room with an open letter in his hand. "Nu Tinchen," he said, and sat down heavily on a chair near the dressing-table, "I have here some news for you."

He took out his spectacles and placed them carefully on his nose, his red, weather-beaten face shining with good humour and suppressed excitement, "You remember Gustav Karl? The son of Hansi Lautendorf?"

"Yes," the girl sat very still, her eyes fixed on her reflection in the glass, though in reality it was not her own face she saw there at all, "Yes, I remember him."

"I have here a letter," the Grand Duke cleared his throat noisily "A letter from Hansi. He thinks it would be a very good thing if you went to stay with them at Schloss Lautendorf in the Black Forest. He has, in fact, asked us both there for Christmas. You know that, unlike most people, they still have money. Princess Lautendorf was the daughter of a rich, a fabulously rich, munition factory owner. I remember everybody thought it a terrible thing when Hansi married her, but now no doubt the rest of the family are delighted since her fortune has saved the Lautendorf estates. Yes, yes, they are still enormously wealthy. You would find it very comfortable, Tinchen."

Comfortable! The little Grand Duchess looked round her somewhat bare room, contemplated the wooden bedstead with its white cotton cover, the big deal cupboard, the marble-topped washstand, the green and red carpet, the oleograph of the "Trompeter von Seckingen" that hung over the writing-table, then slowly her eyes came back to her father, examining him gravely, his old green shooting jacket that was getting so very shabby, his boots that needed resoling, his shirt that had been darned so often. She remembered him as he was before the War, alert and vigorous, very smart in his blue uniform with the yellow facings, the row of medals on his broad chest, his great booming laugh and loud voice.

"You want me to go, papa?" she asked very quietly.

He looked up at her, and his mouth dropped open a little as if suddenly a new and hitherto unthought-of side of the question had presented itself to him. "Aber Tinchen . . . don't you want to go? Don't you think you would like it? After all, it would mean. . . ." He cleared his throat again, nervously this time, uncertain how to go on, and his daughter finished the broken-off sentence.

"It would mean that Gustav Karl would ask me to marry him. Is that not so?"

"Why, yes . . . yes, Tinchen." The Grand Duke Ernst Ludwig took out a large red and yellow handkerchief and wiped his damp forehead. "Yes. Well, that is exactly the gist of Hansi's letter. He wishes his son to marry you. He thinks it would be from every point of view an excellent arrangement. We have known each other, he and I, all our lives. We were at the University at Köenigsberg together, have always been friends. And Gustav Karl is a fine-looking young man. A little wild, perhaps . . . yes, yes that is what Hansi says. It is quite time he settled down. And he has always admired you, it seems. You are so pretty, Tinchen. As Hansi says, it would be no use asking one of the Dorenburg or Mannenhof girls. They are all of them so quite impossibly plain. But you, my dear," he put out a big red hand and nervously patted his daughter's slim shoulder, "You . . . ha, ha . . . you will have no difficulty at all."

"Difficulty?" Marie Ernestine repeated. "You think I shall be able to keep Gustav Karl on the straight and narrow path of virtue papa? You think he will be a good husband and give up drinking and making love to dancing girls in all the lowest cafés in Berlin?" She paused a moment, her eyes again fixed on the mirror, seeing there the reflection of a tall young man with a pale and rather dissolute face, a young man whose dark glance always seemed to waver, whose hand was never quite steady.

Her silence lasted a few moments, and the letter the Grand Duke was holding rustled sharply in his nervous fingers. Then Marie Ernestine flung back her head with a sudden little laugh, "Why yes, write to Prince Lautendorf and accept papa. We will go there for Christmas. It will be lovely in the Black Forest. Pine trees and snow and sun! At least we shall get out of the mud."

"Child, child," there was a sudden mist of tears in Ernst Ludwig's pale blue eyes, "I do not want to force you. You are sure you will be happy."

Marie Ernestine had her back towards him, was looking for something in her big cupboard. "Of course I shall be happy. Think of all the lovely dresses I shall have. Think of perhaps being able to give you a house on the estate. Will not that make me happy?"

She had pulled out her old fur coat, was slipping into it as she spoke, "I am going out papa, and meanwhile go and write to Hansi Lautendorf; tell him I will say 'yes' very prettily when his son proposes to me."

"Aber Tinchen." Ernst Ludwig stumbled clumsily to his feet, but Marie Ernestine did not wait to hear the rest of the sentence, was already half-way down the stairs.

. . . . . .

Out in the street the girl hesitated, not knowing which way to go, then, drawing up the collar of her coat, she turned to the left, away from the centre of the town.

The dusk was falling rapidly over the tall, narrow houses, here and there a light gleamed in some uncurtained window, from somewhere came the sound of a gramophone, and from the high church tower with its pointed steeple a bell rang with a harsh metallic insistence that seemed somehow full of foreboding.

A fine cold rain was falling and the street was almost deserted; once a farmer's cart passed noisily, a woman with a grey shawl covering her head and a market-basket over her arm went by like a shadow, and once two boys, with school satchels on their back, ran by laughing over some secret joke of their own.

Hardly seeing where she was going, Marie Ernestine stumbled on, so blinded by a mist of tears and rain that she nearly collided with a tall man who was walking rapidly in the opposite direction. "I beg your pardon," he raised his hat courteously, but passed on quickly, hardly glancing, at her, and the girl who had paused to look after him with a suddenly heightened colour turned and went after him.

Ignorant of the fact that he was being followed, Peter went on, immersed in thoughts that were not unpleasant, for he had nearly completed his job in Ostraburg, could soon go back to England. He might even get there in time for Christmas, and then he could go down to Cornwall for a few days. Molly would be pleased! And perhaps now that he had pulled off this deal he could ask Molly to marry him; it might mean a rise in pay, the possibility of a settled home. He would like one of those new flats with every possible sort of labour-saving device. Or else a little old-fashioned house just outside London. Perhaps Molly would like that better as she was more used to the country. Out of the quiet Emil Strasse he passed, across the Market Square with its looming statue of some Knight of the Teutonic Order, into the more crowded Moritz Strasse with its lights and shops and hurrying people, and here, half-way down he turned in at the wide portal of the Hansische Hof, the one and only hotel in Ostraburg.

But even then it was not till he had taken off his coat, and sitting down in the lounge had himself ordered a Schnapps, that he became aware of the fact that he was not alone, and saw the girl sitting not far away, a girl in a blue hat that was so different from the ordinary hats one saw in Ostraburg that for a moment it distracted Peter's attention from the face beneath it; then, "Great Scott," he thought confusedly, "that's the girl I saw at the window. She's even prettier than I thought. That very black hair and those vivid blue eyes."

The waiter brought him his drink at that moment, and Peter saw him glance curiously at the girl and then bow deeply as she called him up to give him an order. Watching her surreptitiously, Peter marvelled at her air of quiet dignity and self-assurance, and then reddened slightly as he became conscious that her eyes rested several times on his face searchingly, insistently, as if she had some special message he was too dense to understand.

Presently, as if she had taken a sudden decision, she leant forward, "You are English, aren't you?" she said, and he marvelled again at her soft, rather husky voice, her perfect English that was free from the slightest trace of a German accent; "I have seen you very often, won't you please come and talk to me?"

"Speaks as if she were giving me a royal command," Peter said to himself, but was aware all the same of a pleasurable excitement as he rose and carried his glass over to her table.

He was shy and almost awkward at first, but the girl showed no trace of embarrassment and began to talk to him as if she had known him for years, as if entering into conversation with perfect strangers was the most natural thing in the world, and gradually her ease of manner overcame his self-consciousness, gradually he lost his restraint, became gay and forthcoming and a little daring. "One of Peter's Irish moods coming over him," Molly would have said, "'Ware danger, girls!"

Marie Ernestine did not know this of course; even if she had would perhaps not have greatly cared, her own mood that evening being one of desperate recklessness, a mood that drove her not to escape danger, but to pursue it, run after it, overtake it, therefore she did not draw back when Peter leant forward and laid his hand on hers. "You know," he said softly, "it is a long time since I have seen anybody as pretty as you are."

"It is a long time since anybody has told me that I was pretty," she answered, and then she laughed suddenly as if she had just remembered something.

"Don't," Peter said quickly, for her laughter hurt him. "You have been unhappy, and perhaps you have lost your faith in humanity, but the War is over now and the world is open to you. If you would only come to England I would show what fun life can be.'

"Tell me about England," Marie Ernestine said quickly. "Tell me about your home, your people, the woman you are going to marry."

"Am I going to marry anybody?" Peter asked in surprise. "Why of course," she answered. "Before I spoke to you this evening, before you even saw me sitting here, you were smiling to yourself, and it was easy to see that you were thinking about a girl. Tell me about her. Is she dark or fair? Is she tall or short? And what colour are her eyes?"

(*Continued on following page*)

Making a man of him.

BIRD'S

CUSTARD

is so nutritious

THE BLUE HAT

(*Continued from page* 58)

And in spite of himself Peter found that he was talking about Molly, was telling this strange girl in the blue hat things he had never told anybody else, things about himself, about his father's estate in Cornwall, about the War, and his work and his plans for the future.

The minutes slipped on and they were neither of them conscious of their passing till Marie Ernestine glanced up at the clock on the wall and gave a little start. "Look," she said, "it is nearly seven and my father will be waiting for his supper. I must go at once."

"No, no," again Peter laid his thin sunburnt hand on hers. "You can't go yet. I have told you all about myself, but you have not even told me your name. Won't you stay and have dinner with me . . . please?"

Just for a moment Marie Ernestine hesitated, then she nodded in assent. "I will send word to my father," she said. "Wait for me here."

She got up quickly, and Peter rose, too, but instinctively obeyed her instructions and remained standing where he was, while the girl crossed the hall to speak to the porter at his desk, then in a moment she was back, her cheeks flushed, her eyes bright as stars. "You know," she said, and her voice was the thrilled, excited voice of a little girl going to her first party, "it is . . . oh, I just don't know how many months since I have been out to dinner."

"Hell," Peter said fiercely, "I wish I could take you somewhere else, somewhere really worth while."

And suddenly the thought came to him of how wonderful it would be to take this girl to the Berkeley, to Claridge's, or the Embassy. Of how people would stare at her. How all the other men would envy him. She was so different from anybody he had ever met; she might have been a princess out of a fairy tale with her air of compose and dignity that somehow seemed to make one want to obey her. Resolutely he threw off the thoughts of all the things that might have been and lost himself in the enjoyment of the moment, in the magic of Marie Ernestine's mood of rapturous enjoyment, in her determination to forget, in her fixed resolve to make of that one evening an adventure of glamorous happiness unsullied by regrets of the past or fears of the deadly future.

. . .

It was not till the waiter had brought them coffee and Kümmel that Peter realized that this girl whose name he did not even know, had told him nothing about herself, but when he questioned her again he was sorry he had done so, for it seemed to bring her back from a land of golden "Make Believe" to a grim reality that wiped all the gaiety and laughter from her face, and left it suddenly old and grey and mask-like.

"No," she said slowly, "after all, why should I tell you anything about myself? You will never see me again, and . . ."

"Here . . . Oh, I say," Peter interrupted, "what do you mean? Why, surely, I am going to see you to-morrow?"

"I'm going away to-morrow," she said, and she did not add that this was a swiftly-taken resolve, she did not tell him that suddenly she had come to realize that danger was a thing to be run away from, not courted and pursued; she did not tell him that now, with the end of this one fairy-tale evening, had come the end of all adventure for her. An impulse that had been impossible to resist had made her follow him, had made her do a thing that her world would consider scandalous and unpardonable. Well, it was over now, the laughter, the romance, the fun! There remained only Gustav Karl and a rigid, unalterable choice. Besides there was Molly waiting in that little village in Cornwall, there were all Peter's antecedents, all the surroundings he had described to her, surroundings which were so hopelessly alien to hers, which belonged to so different a world. No, to see Peter again would only make it harder to forget; she must make papa take her to Berlin at once, to-morrow if possible; she could make the excuse that she wanted to buy clothes for this projected visit to Schloss Lautendorf; after all there was now no longer any need for economy; any of the shops would give her credit, and they could stay with Aunt Louise in her house in the Alsen Strasse.

"I will not see you again," she said, and her voice was very soft. "And I will not tell you my name, but I will think of you often, of you and Molly, of that little grey Cornish village, of the rocks and the seagulls, and the old ruined castle. And if you ever think of me, then remember me as . . . as the girl in the blue hat. And now I must really go. Will you take me as far as the Emil Strasse?"

When they got outside they found that the fine rain of the early evening had turned into a steady downpour, and Peter borrowed an umbrella from the porter and made Marie Ernestine take hold of his arm so that he could hold it over her head. "Mustn't spoil your blue hat," he said, feigning a jocularity he was far from feeling, "since that seems to be the only thing I have got to remember you by. I wish they had taxis in Ostraburg. Take care!" This as a military car driven at full speed dashed round the corner, scattering liquid mud in all directions. "Damn," Peter ejaculated, wiping his face, and Marie Ernestine laughed a little shakily. "That is a fitting ending to an evening in Ostraburg," she said. "Mud! When I think of this place I shall always think of mud!"

"No," Peter said softly, "when I think of Ostraburg I shall always think of ——." His hand was on her arm holding her back, but she shook herself free with a quick movement.

"Please—no, you must not kiss me. Don't spoil it now, make it just the stereotype evening when you ask a girl out to dinner and take her home afterwards. Here is the Emil Strasse. Let us say good-bye . . . just here in the mud and rain. I hope you will be very happy. I wish," her voice broke suddenly, "I wish I could change places with Molly."

She slipped away from his side like a wraith. he heard a door close sharply, and turned away with a muttered curse, walking back to his hotel oblivious of the driving rain.

But in the darkness of her room the little Grand Duchess Marie Ernestine lay face downwards on the bed, careless of the fact that the blue hat that only this afternoon had come from Paris lay crumpled on the floor, sodden with rain and stained with mud.

. . .

The next day passed in a frenzied rush of preparation and packing, a rush that left Marie Ernestine no time for tears, for regrets or apprehensions, a rush that completely disorganized the settled, even tenour of the household and that kept the Grand Duke Ernst Ludwig trotting upstairs and downstairs in a state of blissful excitement.

It was not till her two trunks were packed and her suitcase strapped up that Marie Ernestine found the blue hat, which had been pushed under the bed in the general confusion. The sight of it stabbed her with a sudden, almost unbearable agony, and stooping quickly, she picked it up and sat down on the bed, smoothing the crumpled folds with trembling, caressing fingers. Certainly it was no longer the thing of supple beauty that it had been only yesterday; limp and forlorn and disconsolate it lay on her lap like a bird with a broken wing, a flower trampled in the mud, a blue butterfly bruised by rough, ungentle fingers.

The minutes passed and still Marie Ernestine sat looking at it through a mist of tears. The rain drummed ceaselessly, monotonously on the window-panes, in his room the Grand Duke Ernst Ludwig hummed a gay little tune, old Johann tramped through the muddy streets to fetch the station cab, and in the kitchen Greta was making a last cup of coffee for the Grand Duke, while the tortoiseshell cat sitting on the table watched her with a wide, unblinking stare. Occasionally Greta wiped her eyes with her blue check apron. but on the whole her thoughts were pleasant, for the Grand Duchess Marie Ernestine had promised to send her and Johann back to South Germany, back to the little town with its wide, pleasant streets, its chestnut trees, its shops, its theatre and beer gardens. "Ja, ja, Miezchen," Greta spoke softly to the tortoiseshell cat as she poured the fragrant coffee into the green and yellow cup; "Ja Miezchen, and you shall come with us. Her Royal Highness will not forget us, she never breaks her word."

But upstairs in her room the Grand Duchess Marie Ernestine had come to the sudden, blinding conclusion that it was not always possible to keep a promise. Rummaging in the drawers of her dismantled writing-table she found a stray piece of paper, a stump of an old pencil. Only a few words she wrote, and, folding the paper over, addressed it to "Captain Peter Trevelian, Hansische Hof." And then, her eyes shining like stars, she pulled on her crumpled, mud-stained blue hat.

Faggots for the Christmas fire
Drawn by Dorothy M. Wheeler

TAKE
BOVRIL

-AND DEVELOP STRENGTH

THE DUMMY FIGURE

(*Continued from p. 32*)

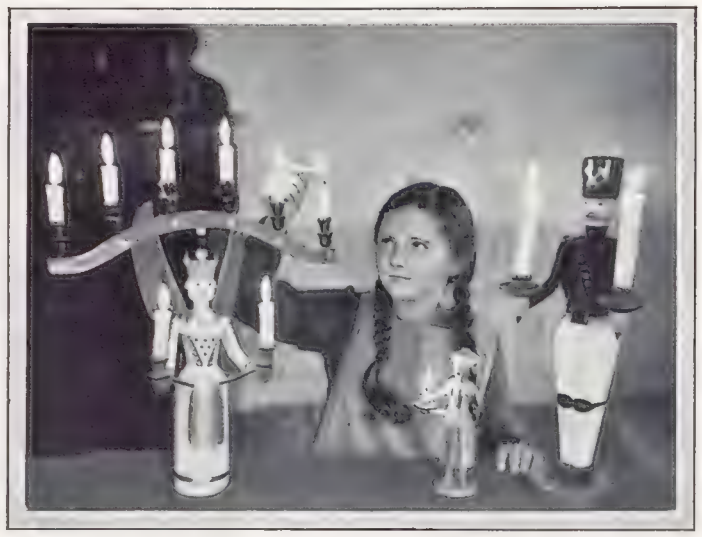
She must be brave now. She pressed a hand over her mouth.

At that moment the black-haired man whose back was turned to her twisted his head round and stared. She thought he was staring straight at her and she stared back, magnetized. He had a cruel face and he seemed to be smiling at her, a twisted wicked smile. She wanted to pull her glance away, but she couldn't.

Suddenly he spoke in a low voice but with an ugly distinctness.

"That there blasted figger," he said, "gives me the creeps—I mean the one with the 'at on. I could swear as she was watching us, I kin *feel* 'er watching."

The other dark-haired man also looked round. The frightened child could see that he was little more than a youth but there was a still evil in his face which the girl, without understanding it, felt to be more terrible than the cruelty of the other.



Lighting the Christmas Candles

"If she *was* live she wouldn't be a bad figger of a girl," he said.

The sandy-haired man made an impatient movement. "Shut up, will you!" he growled. He had a more educated voice, clearer in accent.

"All very well to say 'shut up!'" complained the older dark man, "but if we was copped, what then? An' I feel as if that stiff wench there," he nodded his head toward the dummy, "will get tellin' tales."

"If we get 'copped,'" said the sandy-haired man, "it will be through you and your creeps. You've had a look at the thing, haven't you? You know it's only stuffed. Let that do."

"She looks that natural—with 'er 'at on, and all that."

"Well then, make her look unnatural," said the low voice of Sandyhair, "but don't keep on talking. In this business we don't want to start nerves."

The older man didn't accept the invitation, but the youth got upon his feet with a swagger. He was stiff and rollicked a little as he passed his dark-haired colleague and advanced on the costumed dummy.

Dorrie watched him, terrorized. His evil face approached, a leer upon it. The child slipt her head back to the cushion and lay with wide-open eyes staring at the ceiling above her. She must not make a movement, must not pull the linings over her face; the youth was too near.

The youth's attention, fortunately, was for the costumed figure, and he did not glance beyond it. He gave a sleeve a tweak, then seized the wide-brimmed hat and cocked it to one side in a ribald gaiety; but it slithered round to its former position on the wooden head.

"Jab it back a bit, boy, so's we can see 'er 'ead is made of wood," came from the dark-haired man in a hoarse whisper.

The youth did a little manipulation. "Drat the thing—it comes back every time same as it was," he said, and gave the hat a vicious twist.

"Jab it back," persisted the other.

"Well, that's the best I can do," the youth said, tilting the hat slightly backward. "She looks different, now, a bit daft."

The sandy-haired man set down his tool. "Quit that fooling," he said with an oath. "Just you two look here."

There was some noise, a slight clatter. Dorrie lay as if made of stuffing and wood like the figures about her, but on her forehead was a cold dew. Not yet was she able to believe that she had escaped, that her presence in the room had not been discovered.

One of the dark-haired men gave a low whistle. "Nice, ain't it?" he said.

The youth's voice said, "We'd 'a' had better luck in the other room. I told you so."

Sandyhair's quiet accents sounded. "*This room's the room.*"

They began to argue about it angrily.

Birr-r-r! Their speech was slashed into by the telephone-bell.

"Telephone! Didn't know there was one in th' blasted place." The sandyhaired man straightened his back.

"Best find it and see what's up," said the youth. He rose.

"You have some bright ideas, don't you?" Sandyhair commented icily. "No one lives here but the old dame and she's out—as we know and have arranged. When she's out, telephone has to ring till it's tired, from what we can see of it. So let it ring now."

They resumed the discussion about the other room. Sandyhair was hard to convince. Dorrie dared to turn her head, to raise it slightly. Again she peered in a terrified fascination.

All three men had risen. Only the youth was tall, the other two were short and mean-looking. The child could now see the face of sandyhair, a refined face but not pleasant.

Finally he agreed to go into the other room and have another look at it. They went. The door swung softly to after them; that door always would swing—almost shut.

* * *

The child's thin little face, sharpened with fear, now quickened into a feverish anguish. What could she do, what could she *do!*

Aunt Julie had had a telegram that afternoon bidding her go and see a lady at Seavane; she could not be back till late. Dorrie had heard the old clock chime; no use expecting Aunt Julie to come in.

Oh, what had these dreadful men said?—That they had *arranged* for Aunt Julie to be away. How had they arranged it? Had *they* sent the telegram? Again Dorrie thought of the tales Aunt Julie read aloud.

Oh, what could she do, what could she do?

Young Mr. Wakefield was coming to-morrow to see if Dorrie could stand up for the first time, perhaps walk just one step. This was to be the first try, after all the queer things he had done to her. Young Mr. Wakefield was very anxious indeed to see what would happen.

Over and over again he had said to Dorrie, "Don't you attempt anything, don't you attempt to *move* till I tell you." His eyes had quite flashed when he said that, kind eyes as they were. To Aunt Julie he had said, "You must go on carrying her about, just as you have been doing."

Then to-morrow had been fixed for the wonderful day.

Before Aunt Julie went out, as a result of the wire from the grand lady at Seavane, she had said to Dorrie, "You must sleep, and if you can't sleep, you can think about to-morrow. Why, you may begin being quite a well little girl to-morrow."

Dorrie thought about to-morrow now, in this dreadful moment, but only as bearing upon to-day.

If she—Dorrie—could but stand up; if she could take, not one step but three, she could reach the telephone.

THE TELEPHONE.

Yes, that was what had loomed up in Dorrie's mind.

If she could reach the telephone. People always spoke to you if you put that funny thing to your ear. Then you could say—anything you wanted to. Aunt Julie always began by saying a number. Dorrie didn't know any numbers, she would say about these men in Aunt Julie's flat, and about the Bank . . .

She would have to get past the barricade of dummies that Aunt Julie had arranged about her couch for company.

Well, she could squeeze through the barricade all right, Aunt Julie set the figures about just anyhow so that they would look natural. Why, the dummies might help her along a little bit, if she didn't lean too hard.

All these thoughts passed through her mind very quickly.

"Please, God, help me to telephone?" She said that little prayer. Then she pushed aside the rug and Aunt Julie's "doings"; a long strip of lining slithered to the floor.

Suddenly she was upon her feet—a very tall leggy figure for a little girl of twelve—and was holding desperately to something, she hardly knew what. She stood listening and finding herself. Then a sound like a tool falling in the next room startled her. She took a step, then another, clutching this and that, then made a little staggering run.

She could hear a murmur in the next room and trembled, standing there in her nightdress and the dull grey dressing-gown which was an old one of Aunt Julie's. Then, trying to push that murmur from her ears, she felt for the telephone; she knew where it was, on the lowest of the three long shelves set against the wall. With shaking hand she set the receiver to her ear.

Oh, if only these wicked men would stay away till she had telephoned. Suppose they heard her voice? She must whisper. But she must make the telephone people hear.

"Number, please," a curt voice said in her ear.

Oh dear, she had forgotten about a number. She said faintly, "I—I don't know any numbers, I'm only Dorrie."

"What's that you say? Number, please?"

Oh, somebody was moving to the door of the other room; treading carefully but there was a board by the door that always creaked. Aunt Julie said that it said, "I'm coming." She called it "Uncle Joe."

Dorrie gave a little sob. She said, "Please, *it's thieves;* three, please, and Aunt Julie isn't here. *They'll get the money from the Bank.*"

"*What's that?*" the voice asked, in quite a different way.

But Dorrie had slipped the receiver into place. There wasn't time to get back to the couch, she tumbled, a little heap, upon the floor and, not able to save herself, slid into the corner by the head of the couch. There she lay, a grey shadow but for a little white face, and two little white feet which she could not draw into the secrecy of the dressing-gown.

(*Continued on following page*)

The laurels go to Haig

no finer whisky goes into any bottle

THE OLDEST SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS IN THE WORLD

THE DUMMY FIGURE

(Continued from p. 62)

Now, she thought, her heart beating, she must be discovered. Someone had entered the room. The child closed her eyes and waited; then, unable to bear that, opened them.

The man who had come into the room was searching for something, perhaps a tool. He brought a light with him; its ray bobbed about the room like a sunbeam.

He soon found what he wanted and went towards the door; Dorrie, listening and staring fixedly upward, could tell that he was near the door.

He was going. Soon he would be gone, and she could creep back to the better security of the couch.

But the stealthy steps halted.

"That blamed figger!" the man muttered. "I'll swear it moved."

He came back into the room, Dorrie listened, her ears drumming. He came closer, closer.

"Please help me, God?" Dorrie, terrified, prayed.

The thief had stopped; he was again examining the dummy in coat and skirt.

"No, she ain't real," he said aloud. He laughed, but in a shaky way.

Dorrie was taken aback and listened more acutely. That was how she laughed when she was frightened. But this man, a thief, couldn't be frightened. She knew by his voice that this was the older black-haired man, the man with the cruel face. She shuddered.

He moved again.

He was nearer, and she could see him now. She couldn't help seeing him; and if he but glanced in her direction he must see her.

But he didn't. He was standing near the shelves, and from the top shelf he took an old watch that had belonged to Granpa when he was alive, looked at it, laughed, then slipped it into a pocket of his coat. Acting on some vagrant impulse, he took up the telephone and set it on the top shelf where the watch had been.

Then came a smothered ejaculation. He swung round with an astonishing quickness,

Dorrie saw what had happened. He had touched the hat of the costumed dummy and this had slithered round so that the figure appeared to have turned her head to look at him.

The man made a funny gasping sound. He seized the hat from the head of the dummy and threw it on the floor in a fury.

"At your tricks again, are you?" he muttered, huskily. Then, picking up his torch, he hurried from the room.

Dorrie sighed, a long sigh, but with little catches in it. Well, he was gone.

She didn't want to move, but she must get up.

That was terribly difficult, tears crept into her eyes.

But suddenly they dried, and her cheeks blanched. She had been expecting the telephone people to come to her help soon, but now she remembered that she hadn't told them which Bank was being robbed and where Aunt Julie's house was.

Oh, she must get up more quickly, and get to the telephone again and tell the people how to find Aunt Julie's house. The address was 174, Pollock Road. If they didn't know it, they would never find Aunt Julie's house. There were so many houses in London. And Aunt Julie said there were hundreds of banks.

She was on her feet now, shaky and with tear-stained cheeks. But she was not so much afraid as she had been; she felt that God was taking care of her. That was why she had not been discovered.

The telephone.

It was now on the top shelf and she could not reach it.

Feverishly she tried, stretching her long thin arms from the old dressing-gown. She couldn't manage it.

She peered about her, and felt with her hands, but there was nothing near to stand upon. Perhaps she could not climb.

Dorrie stood passionately thinking; she must do something.

Then she remembered—it was as if God made her remember—that the door of this room was near the front door of the flat, and the door of Aunt Julie's bedroom—from which Aunt Julie carried her every day—much farther along the passage. She was nearer the front door than the thieves were.

She had walked a few steps already; why shouldn't she walk a few more, steal out at the front door while these men were so busy without their seeing her?

God would help her to get to the front door; that was the difficult bit. Once she was outside she could get downstairs somehow, holding to the rail.

There were lots of people in the streets, some of them very strong; they would help her and save the Bank.

But she couldn't go just as she was, in her nightdress and grey dressing-gown, not into the street.

And she didn't know where the frock was in which she had come to London to stay with Aunt Julie. Her stepmother had made it for her for just that occasion, for ordinarily Dorrie had no use for frocks. Dorrie looked about her despairingly, able to see so little in the darkness.

Then she had an idea.

There was the costumed figure. She could get the coat off easily.

Feverishly the child's thin fingers undid the buttons. Soon the coat was donned. It didn't cover her. Her legs had grown so long, longer than ever since she had come from the country to stay with Aunt Julie. She must have the skirt, too.

That was more difficult and took more time, but the child managed it. The skirt was upon her. It was too long, but that didn't matter.

Dorrie took a step or two, then almost fell. She had come upon something light and evasive. For a moment she was panic-stricken. Then she stooped stiffly and brought up—the dummy's hat.

She placed it upon her head because that was an easier way of getting rid of it than any other. There it tightly clung, liking the dark curls. She stepped out past the bare model. Then she halted, stiffened.

For there was a murmur of stealthy voices. Uncle Joe creaked more than once, all three men were leaving the other room. Dorrie could hear their nearing footsteps in the passage. They were approaching the door of this room. The little girl waited, rigid, petrified.

The door fell open, a light glinted on the wall. Sandyhair was the first to enter.

He said, "I told you this was the room. We'll try again, nearer that end. I tell you the old dame can't be back for hours yet; there isn't a train. If I hadn't been fool enough to listen to you, Sam, we'd have been down below by now . . ." He halted. "What the devil are you staring at?"

The black-haired man replied with a blood-curdling scream. He fell back against the wall even as he stretched a hand, pointing. "I tore the hat off that there figger a minute ago. I tell you, I tore it off. *She's* put it on! Oh, my Gawd, she's moving!"

It was true. Dorrie, swaying, took a slow step.

The sandy-haired man, watching, his mouth open to make some scornful remark, said nothing but made for the door. The youth was already there. The black-haired man stood for an instant longer in his nightmare, then was upon the other two, beating upon their backs in his frenzy to escape. The three struggled and fell pell-mell into the passage.

They had just reached the front door when it opened. Dorrie could hear loud talk, scuffling, heavy steps, a great deal of noise, voices that were not those of the thieves. She made an uncertain step backward, then fell.

From an old print in the London Museum

"All's Well." The Night Watch

A few minutes later the room was flooded with light. A tall policeman picked Dorrie up and laid her gently on the couch. She opened her eyes wanly and looked at him.

"And who was the brave little girl who put through that call?" he asked.

It appeared that the clever telephone people didn't have to be told how to find Aunt Julie's flat and the Bank. They knew all these things, and how to find the police and send them along to help.

The wicked men were taken away—to learn how to be better, Aunt Julie said.

The Bank people thought quite a lot of what Dorrie had done. A nice old gentleman came to see her and Aunt Julie, and said they shouldn't be poor any more They would both have a holiday, and when Dorrie was better she should go to school. In the meantime she should have all she needed, and Aunt Julie too. When Aunt Julie went to the new flat Dorrie would go with her instead of going home where there were already too many children for the little stepmother to look after.

Perhaps the best thing of all was that young Mr. Wakefield wasn't cross with Dorrie for walking before he told her to; he agreed that it was the only thing to do.

And when he saw for himself that she could walk, he said, "By Jove!" and "You never know; it may have helped to do the trick."

Dorrie didn't know quite what he meant, but she was too happy to try to understand.

DRINK *BETTER* CHOCOLATE

Here is a new kind of drinking chocolate—Cadbury's 'Cup' Chocolate. It is prepared in the form of soft flakes that dissolve with remarkable ease, and you will find it as full of the true chocolate flavour as the best you have drunk on the Continent.

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CADBURY'S 'CUP' CHOCOLATE

Made at Bournville, the Factory in a Garden

WITH VILLON ON CHRISTMAS EVE

(Continued from page 37)

Examined as to where they took the money, he deposes that he does not know, unless it was in the said College, but in what place he does not know, even by hearsay.

Examined as to whether the locks were broken or picked, he deposes that he heard nothing from them, neither saw any pick-locks in their possession; but he deposes that he has heard that the said Colin des Cayeux is a notable lock-picker (*fortis operator crochetorum*) but that the said Petit-Jehan, his associate, is even more so, although he has never known the aforesaid to have committed any other burglary than the said burglary.

Examined as to a theft perpetrated by him and his companions in the chamber of a religious of the house of Augustinians in Paris, he deposes that he knows nothing of it, and was not there. He deposes further that when the said theft was committed he himself was held in Our prisons in the matter of a fight between him and one Casin Cholet.

Examined as to whether he ever said anything about the aforesaid theft to one Master Pierre Marchant, he denies it.

Examined as to whether he ever told the said Master Marchant that he got out of Our prisons by means of money stolen from one Friar Guillaume Coiffier, he denies it.

Examined as to whether he ever heard it said by his associates, or said himself, that they tried to break into the Church of St. Mathurin and were prevented by the barking of dogs, he denies it.

Examined as to whether he ever said that the said Master François Villon was setting out for Angers to view a certain churchman there who was very rich, and that if his report was favourable the companions were to proceed there to rob him, he denies it.

Examined as to whether they broke into the College of Navarre in any other way than that already described, he says No.

Examined as to whether he accompanied them, he denies it, saying that he went with them only to the house of Master Robert de Saint Simon aforesaid, and waited for them there.

Examined as to the manner in which they broke the locks of the chapel sacristy of the said College, he says he does not know, as he was not present.

Examined as to the length of time he has known the above-named, he says he has known Master François Villon a long time, but never saw the said Petit-Jehan before, and the said Colin des Cayeux only in the company of the said Master Villon.

Examined as to whether he was paid anything out of the money provided by this burglary, he says that the said Colin des Cayeux told him that he gave one Petit-Thibault four crowns for this expedition; and afterwards he heard that the said Petit-Thibault had been implicated in this burglary: but he will not say anything else to his prejudice.

Examined as to the manner in which entry was made into the College of Navarre, he says, after some prevarication, that he heard from Master François Villon that it was done by means of pick-locks.

Examined again as to whether he was present, he denies it, saying that he stayed in the house of Master de Saint Simon aforesaid to guard the cloaks.

Examined as to his share of the booty, he says he received only ten crowns and says that the said Master Villon and the other associates told him that as he was not present during the burglary he could not receive as much as those who had participated.

On account of his refusal to confess more by wilful stubbornness, he was removed and taken to the Painted Chamber and placed upon the little rack, on which he persisted in refusing to confess. Thence he was taken and placed upon the great rack (*applicato magno tretello*) and further examined, and requested to be released from the said punishment, promising to reveal the whole truth; and on being taken down and placed outside, of his free will made a further confession. He says that he was told by the said Master François Villon that the said associates broke into the College of Navarre and there took a bag, which they filled with a large sum of money, and that each of them got eighty gold crowns for his share, but they did not show it to him, the accused. And more than this he would not say. He was therefore placed once more in Our prisons, the venerable magistrates present being Master Estienne de Montigny, Master Robert Tuleu, Doctors in Canon Law, Master Simon Chappitault, Master Denys Commitis, Master François Ferrebourg, Master François de Vaccarie, Licentiate in Canon Law, and several others. In testimony of which We have ordered the Seal of Our Court, with Our own seal, to be appended to these letters. Dated the 22nd day of July in the year of Our Lord 1458. (Signed)—TRUISY.

The Sign of the PERFECT BLEND

World-renowned for Age and Quality

SPECIALLY PACKED
FOR XMAS
IN 2, 3, 6 AND
12 BOTTLE CASES

GAILY THE TROUBADOUR

(*Continued from page 35*)

By Fairfax Downey

So Folquet announced that he repented the sins of the world, the flesh, and the troubadour, and he entered a monastery. Rapidly he rose to become an abbot and then Bishop of Toulouse. Then he turned to his brethren of the gay science, the foe of the clergy, whose foibles and corruption were the target of many a *sirvente*. His voice was loud in urging the persecution of the Albigenses, for that heresy numbered in its ranks many lords, ladies, townsfolk, and peasants who loved better the lays of the troubadours than the threats and extortions of a priesthood in which they had lost faith. Folquet had his bloody triumph when he aided Simon de Montfort in the horrible massacre of the Albigenses which followed the capture of Toulouse. After a long life of ecclesiastical tyranny, the bishop who had been a troubadour lay down, wrapped the threadbare cloak of his righteousness about him and died in such peace as his spirit permitted.

Once his heart had chosen a charming matron, a troubadour's courtship was pressed through four well-established stages of devotion, which were described as honour, discretion, gentle service, and good sufferance.

The first step required adoration in silence and hesitancy. The suitor was limited to sighs, gestures, and burning gazes. During this period a troubadour was supposed to lose a good deal of sleep and not to do so well with his victuals.

Second came adoration as a suppliant. Now the troubadour composed feverishly or brushed up some song already in stock to fit the occasion. He sang his *chansons* to the lady fair with telling effect. This stage was enjoyed by the baron and the rest of the castle audience, in whose opinion the first step had been a total loss.

Third, the troubadour adored as a lover who was not taking a lot of trouble in vain. The lady was lending him an ear. She softened and bestowed tasks upon him—some of the less arduous things he sang he would do for her sake.

Fourth was the acceptance of adoration. The troubadour, received as the cavalier of his lady by token of "a kiss on the neck below the kerchief," was permitted to serve her in "druderie," or gallantly, most faithfully, and loyally. This, as has been mentioned, was understood to be strictly platonic.

But human nature is an inflammable affair, and rules, reasoned some, are made to be broken. There was more or less "druderie" went on that could not by any means gain the approval of husbands. The knight who rode off to the Crusades for a couple of years leaving a troubadour with the lady of the castle was an optimist Ladies who listened nightly to the ardent *chansons* of a handsome singer or who took lessons from him on rhyming *amour* and *je t'aime* were playing with fire. "The Midi is polygamous!" cried one shocked Provençal reformer.

Such another stratagem was the device of the dame who had promised her lord not to love a troubadour. When an enthralling singer came to pay her court she repented her word but would not break it outright. The keen-witted fellow saved her from her dilemma by composing a poem in which was related how a husband released his wife from a similar promise. This the lady took home and read to her lord with dramatic effect. The husband laughed loud and long over the folly of the simple spouse in the poem. He was easily induced to read aloud the stanza in which the husband of the poem freed his wife from her pledge in a speech in the first person. The wife persuaded her conscience to assume that the spoken words applied to her own promise. She so notified the troubadour and it was all over but the "druderie."

In parts of the warm-blooded Midi the troubadour's pure idea of adoration from afar appears to have suffered in practice. Knights grew fond of taking station in a pass and uttering a poetic vow that they would block traffic for one month and let no man by unless he did battle with them and no woman by who did not pay toll of money or a kiss. The guardians were kept busy by feminine travellers who *would* not take another road and who just happened to have forgotten their purses.

The celebration of Valentine's Day was another scandal. Then it was the wont of a company of cavaliers and dames to ride two by two to the hôtel de ville, led by four pages representing Cupid, Mercy, Loyalty, and Chastity. After an impious parody of the Mass the names of the celebrants were drawn from caskets and every lord thus paired with a lady. They were one another's valentine until next February 14 From each cavalier flowers in season, poems in mood, escort and defence were in order in return for his lady's favours. Marriage was forbidden. Disapproving spectators seemed to think that when the symbolic pages headed the procession back Chastity was a poor fourth.

Alas, for the reign of the troubadours! The gay science became burdened with too many rules and too many fractures thereof. The crushing persecution of the Albigenses completed their ruin. But before they passed they left the world legacies whose preciousness cannot be gainsaid—a love of poetry, a revival of good manners, and a pointed lesson to husbands that if they do not display chivalry and appreciation toward their own wives somebody else may.

And these goodly bequests have not been altogether lost, even to this day.

By courtesy of Messrs. Mitchell's Fine Art Galleries, Duke Street, St. James's

The Boar Hunt
From a painting in oils by Cortazzo

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DEWAR'S

In that well-known bottle—for your own sideboard and cellar. In these rich brown Doulton flagons to send as seasonable gifts to your friends. In those convenient flasks for the pocket—to keep you warm on wintry journeys—to keep you well till summer comes again. In one and all these the same famous whisky. With its familiar name—Dewar's "White Label". Admirable choice! Wise in selecting your whisky—apt in the way you give it!

Wonderful Whisky ● "WHITE LABEL"

CHIMNEY CITY

(*Continued from page 70*)

you know." Silver came to a clearing of white sand and set the basket of lunch on the ground. He pulled a spiteful briar from his jacket and hurried on to follow Clarkin through the spinney of scrub pines. Then they gained the top of the hill and stopped to wonder at the chimneys. It was always this way. One stopped to look instinctively. Clarkin's gaze was riveted upon the second chimney. That was always the way too.

"Clarkin," said Silver, "why won't you play at the second chimney? We could bring some rocks from the others and make the walls and clear the bamboo vines away in a little while. That is the only one people remember anything about and it's the very tallest one."

The old man looked away over the grey gullies of wasteland, but stood motionless, his body held tensely forward as if listening. Silver watched a slow hawk in the sky. "Come on," he tugged at Clarkin's hand, "we won't have long to stay. I speak for the blue china bits this time and you can gather wild apples for a grocery store. Next year I am really and truly going to build a fire in the second chimney's fire-place and toast marshmallows. See what a nice big fire-place it is!"

"Second chimney, lad?"

"Yes, Clarkin, the one where Grandma Breel said the lady was burned. The lady who had the baby girl."

Clarkin shook his head.

"Don't you remember? Don't you, Clarkin?" The child looked up into Clarkin's face intently. Clarkin turned away.

"Yes, Lad, and when the baby girl's father came back to his home there wasn't anything but chimneys . . . chimneys. See? I remember what you said and after that the fever and nobody remembers any more." He repeated it as a child would recite a difficult lesson. Then he stopped.

"Come on, Clarkin," said Silver, "what are you feeling in your pockets for? Sing me the song you brought me back."

"Lad, how you prattle! The song I brought you? It is a ragged rhyme that I fished from a smouldering hush with a willowy rod and my key for bait."

"A smouldering hush?"

"Yes, something that threatens to sing, but can't for all the music it knows, because it is a 'hush.'"

"You said the rhyme was strapped within your pack. Do you know it by heart, Clarkin?"

"I am tired." The old man sat on the roots of an oak. Grey moss hung low over his head in a spidery turmoil and shadowed him with a foreboding of fatality. It seemed to strain its tendrils to him, restless tentacles of a grey octopus. Silver sat and watched them all melt into each other. Things, he perceived, had a way of doing that. Certain things attracting each other and then blending indefinably. He thought his own thoughts and at last felt the distant gaze of Clarkin on himself. "It has grown rankly," said Clarkin with a slight embarrassment, "since last November, or was it next?"

"The song, what is its ——?"

"Two Keys," answered Clarkin.

"You are always talking of keys. May I see the one you found?"

Silence as usual was the answer. Only the pines on the hill like black candelabras bristling with green flame, soughing their eternal secret to a misapprehending world. Silver squinted at the remaining clutches of green out across the lap of meadow.

"Like green glutches of lace at the throat of Spring," Clarkin was talking dreamily. Silver jumped. Clarkin came and went so quietly and so frequently returned with one's own thought wrapped neatly in a packet of words. "The song I made for you, lad—

> "I made two golden keys to the moon,
> One for her and one for me,
> But mine will open the moon's closed door
> Hers lies buried secretly.
>
> "I made two golden keys to the moon—
> Hers is hidden evermore.
> She waits for me on the moon's bright stair
> For only mine can open the door."

All the plaintiveness of a long life of wandering from where to where brimmed up in his cracked voice. The last line rang with a new quality in Clarkin. Silver was a year older. Perhaps last year it had been there and he hadn't noticed it. He did not look directly at Clarkin, for Clarkin had melted into the trees, the broomsedge, the chimneys which peered over his shoulders.

"The ground's damp." The boy stood suddenly free of the shadows of the oak and stepped into the open sunlight. "That's a nice song, Clarkin. Mother has a little key, but it's a brass key that looks as though it might have unlocked someone's front door. She had it clasped in her fingers the night she was brought and left at Grandma Breel's. But it can't unlock anything. Yours can unlock the moon. Is your key brass and home-made, as hers is, or is it a really golden key like Bluebeard's?"

They trudged through the brambles to the phantom city with Silver's questions unanswered. People that Clarkin and Silver had called into being lived at each chimney. These people quarrelled among themselves and visited at the other chimneys, and were troublesome about borrowing things. Now Silver chatted of "the neighbours," ran a rusty lizard under a log and poked him out again.

Clarkin scampered away from him and zig-zagged between the silent chimneys unmindful of briars tearing at his clothes. He hummed joyfully and gathered twigs for his "fire." Clarkin stopped at the second chimney. Never before since the chimneys had been their pleasure had Clarkin chosen that one. "Mrs. Whither" had always lived there with blow-away silver hair like a bursted milk weed's pod. Silver suddenly feared Clarkin. He seemed as wild as the rabbit which he had startled from its bed. He jerked at bamboo and blackberry vines with his naked hands and Silver saw the angry scratches across the backs of them. Clarkin was wearing himself down without aim. Under the first chimney's rocks lay their hatchet kept for the new pines that spiked up over year and the other undergrowth.

Silver stood still and watched Clarkin. On the horizon of his mind a vague thought took definite form. Clarkin, as high as he could reach, was touching each stone of the second chimney. Touching them as though laying them in place, studying them, fondling them. Like a connoisseur among his treasures, his head palsied with eagerness, he let his hands play upon them as though putting warmth into these stones. Here was a pilgrim at his longed-for shrine; each stone a deed of love immortalizing someone's household gods. Someone's ——. Whose?

A boy of seven is too young for many words. Rather he soaks in situations. A haunting line whizzed through Silver's being, "I made two golden keys to the moon." That father who had long ago come back to a wife and little girl who could not be found. A golden-haired wife and a golden-haired daughter. Revelation came to Silver here at his own Chimney City. It surged against his taut perceptions, breaking through into light. Woods, broomsedge, silent, and sphinx-like chimneys, ever afterward he would have need of these for his greater lights of understanding.

Things dated back only from the time of "the fever." And here was Clarkin, poor foolish Clarkin, beset with the thought of golden hair and somehow, too, subtly connecting it all with the second chimney.

Silver became a god through his own power of reasoning. He snatched his brown cap from his shining tumble of hair and advanced.

"Clarkin," he cried, rousing him from his sacred stones, "is my hair as yellow as gold—and mother's?"

* * * * *

At dusk Merla saw them coming across the hill with a coppery light at their backs outlining them against the sky. She held the door open for them to enter and poured each of them a mug of fresh milk. Like two children worn out with playing, they dragged their feet and strewed their belongings. Silver's voice was too high; Clarkin too flushed. Silver kissed his mother breathlessly. She had been baking, and the heat had drawn her hair into ringlets about her face. When should he tell her? Would it hurt her to know or would she make everything right quickly as was her way? He was uncertain, and drank his milk in gulps. Merla looked at him apprehensively. Yes, they had played too hard at the chimneys. After this they must only stay an hour or two. Clarkin lit his pipe and smoked by the fire, and Silver talked of "Mrs. Whither" and "Mrs. Drone."

Under the slanting roof Clarkin slept soundly. Silver was restless. Through the dormer window he watched pillowy clouds scudder by the moon like frightened sheep.

At last he closed his eyes and slept.

"Lad! Lad!" He was snatched back to consciousness. Someone called from beneath his window. In the dim light he saw Clarkin's bed empty. He threw his jacket over his shoulders and with shoes in hand padded down the stairs. The voice was at the kitchen window. Silver raised the window with an effort and looked squarely into the wild and burning eyes of Clarkin.

"Lad, I've found her! Found where they hid her!" Clarkin's voice was tense, husky.

"Found who, Clarkin?"

"Her golden hair had grown from the grave onto a trellis of dogwood there in sight of the city. Not golden as then but silver as moon mist. I will spin a ladder of it—a ladder to the moon. She has waited, Lad, waited, for I have the only key."

Silver shivered. He turned from the window and groped for the kitchen lamp. He lit it with icy fingers and held it to one side of the window to keep the wind from blowing it out. Clarkin was racing about in the night, his loose-fitting night clothes flapping like sails. "Clarkin," soothingly, "there is no burying ground near the city. You have been dreaming. Come back to bed and mother will make you some tea. Come back now. It's too cold out there for you." A chill shook Silver's voice. His teeth chattered. Clarkin was not hearing him.

Silver ran to Merla's door, "Mother, hurry": with his free hand he beat the door: "Clarkin is outdoors and sick!"

He hurried back to the window. Clarkin had gone. There was no answer to his call. No mad figure dancing in the night. The night was empty with wind. Clarkin must not go! Silver ran out into the yard and yelled to him. The wind blew his voice back from the city. He felt sure that Clarkin had gone there and could not hear him calling. He stopped and put on his shoes. Now the moon was covered. Silver knew every inch of the way. If only he could overtake Clarkin he would tell him something—anything to bring him back. Emptiness engulfed him, the emptiness of high wind and darkness. Clarkin had vanished. Silver ran, panting and calling, to the foot of the second hill. He stopped to listen—only the winds wailing mournfully through the pines and the cry of a sea gull blown inland.

The dark had swallowed Clarkin.

Winds cleaned off the moon bringing the trees and hills into sharp relief. Shadows leapt across the night and Silver felt the chilly, creeping fear that one feels alone on a far hill. It commanded "turn around." Silver could not look back with the fear standing there. He ran on towards the chimneys. The fear followed him like a live thing that stopped as he stopped and would not run by. Silver looked back over the fear towards the cottage. Merla's lantern was not coming. Could she have heard his cry for help? What had become of her? A question greater than fear of the

A little bed-time story for Christmas Eve

(*Continued on a later page*)

GIFTS OF RARE CHARM

WHITE HEATHER EAU DE COLOGNE.
Tall bottles 2/3, 4/-, 7/9 and 15/-. Watch-shaped bottles 9½d., 1/4, 2/4 and 4/2.

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Tablet 8½d., box of three tablets 2/-.
GUEST SOAP.
Tablet 4½d., box of four tablets 1/4.
BATH SOAP.
Tablet 1/4, box of three tablets 3/9.

WHITE HEATHER

WHITE HEATHER EAU DE COLOGNE BATH CRYSTALS.
Fluted oval bottles, gilt-capped 1/11, 3/3 and 5/-.
BATH CRYSTAL TABLETS.
3d. each,
box of twelve 2/9.

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Glass jar - - - 1/6.
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"Beatl" ware box, in exquisite shades of blue 2/6.
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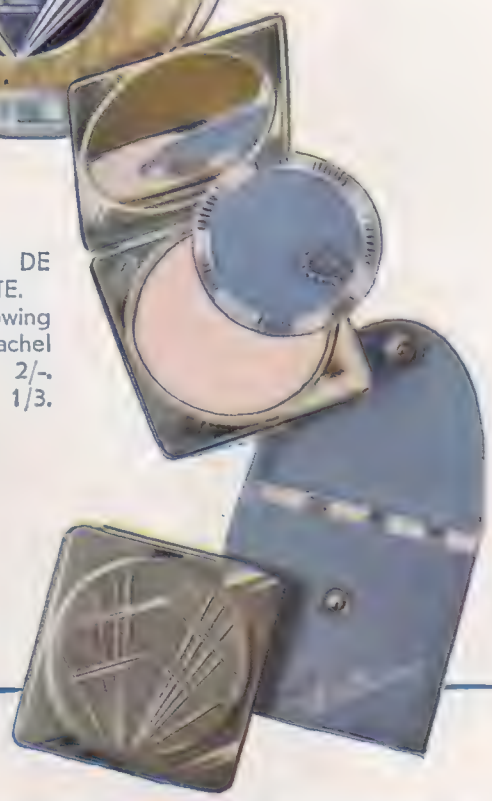

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A PICTORIAL COMPETITION . . .

For Old and Young: Without Restriction of Age

DRAWN BY PERCY HOME

Previous pictorial competitions have been such a success that the Editor is offering another one to his readers this year. The upper portion of this page shows a rocky headland, with a space in the foreground where the fishing harbour exists. The lower portion of the page contains the various component parts of the buildings and cliffs which, when placed in position, will cover the greater portion of the foreground above. These portions should be cut out and pasted upon the upper view in the positions which the competitor thinks to be most suitable and logical. One portion may overlap another. It is not necessary to attempt to cut out between the rigging of the larger fishing boat. The finished picture is based upon an actual scene, so that the various pieces should fall into their natural places. Three prizes will be given for the best solutions of this pictorial competition. The First Prize, £5; the Second Prize, £3; and the Third Prize, £2. Post your solutions to the Competition Editor, "The Sphere" Office, Inveresk House, Strand, W.C., not later than January 12, 1931. The decision of the Editor in every case is final.

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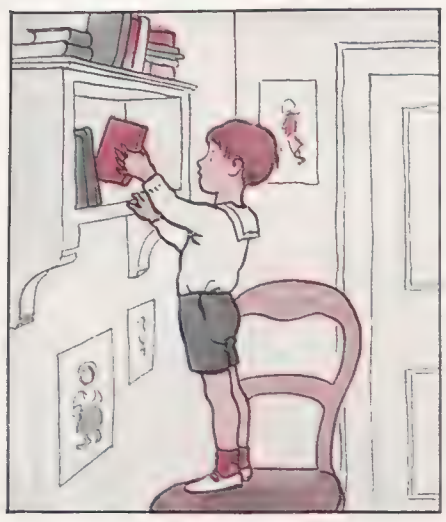
THE CHILDREN'S COMPETITION PAGE

A Story Competition for Boys and Girls—to be Written in the Christmas Holidays



(1)

(2)

(3)

You begin to tell what the little boy was doing in No. (1).

The story began on the left, and you follow the numbers

(4)

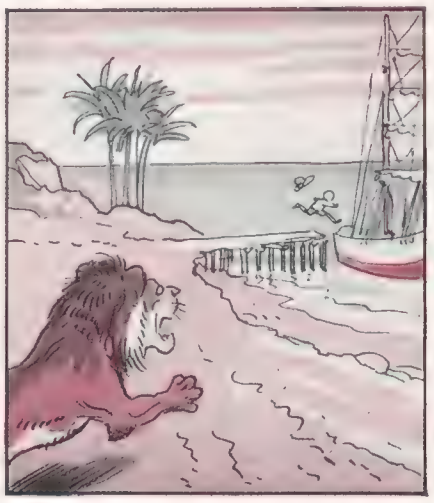
(5)

(6)

In this part of the story, as you see, all sorts of things have begun to happen.

from left to right until you get to the end

(7)



(8)

(9)

And here in this row of pictures we near the end.

Drawn by GEORGE MORROW

of this stirring story. There are nine pictures in the story.

Seven prizes will be given for the best short stories describing the incidents given on this page. They tell the story of a little boy. All boys and girls fourteen years of age and under can enter for this competition, but their stories must be their own unaided work. The story should keep closely to the suggestions in the pictures. The story must be written in ink, on one side of the paper only, and must be addressed to the Editor of "The Sphere," Christmas Story Competition, Inveresk House, Strand, London. The coupon found on another page must be attached to the first sheet, and on this page must be written the name and age of the competitor, who must write as clearly as possible. The stories will be judged according to the ages of the competitors: (1) Those of twelve, thirteen, and fourteen years; (2) those of ten and eleven years; (3) those of eight and nine years; and (4) those under eight years of age. Prizes of a guinea, half-a-guinea, and 5s. will be given to the winners as stated below. All stories must arrive at the office not later than January 15, the results being announced in a following number of "The Sphere." The decision of the Editor in all cases is final. The prizes are as follows: First section, ages 12-14, first prize, £1 1s., second prize, 10s. 6d. Second section, ages 10-11, first prize, 10s. 6d.; second prize, 5s. Third section, ages 8-9, first prize, 10s. 6d.; second prize, 5s. Fourth section, all under 8, one prize only, 5s. Study each picture carefully. Start at the top at the picture marked **(1)**. Then write out your idea of what is happening in this brief but stirring tale.

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Radiates Happiness!
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BRANDY

By L. A. Pavey

The four men in the carriage had begun to talk. A somewhat unusual occurrence for travellers on an English railway. They hardly knew how it had happened. Certainly only the quiet man in the far corner could have told you that he himself had laid the train to it by a very quietly judicious general remark. The carriage had become quite human. The two ladies, moreover, were listening with sympathy to what the men had to say.

"I like these fine old Midland fields," said the quiet man. "Nothing distinctive in them, of course. But I was brought up in this country and they have an appeal for me." He had sad eyes, as of a man who lived much among memories.

He stood up at the window to observe the flying scene rather more closely, but almost immediately staggered back with a horrified cry. "God, that was a bad accident!" he gasped. He sank on to his seat, and he looked so white and shaken that they propped him up, made room for his legs, and in response to an agonized roll of his eyes, produced brandy. It revived him, but as he began to tell them what had happened he collapsed again, and a second flask was brought into play. He was forced to drink generously. His eyes, when he looked at them for help, had become even sadder.

"I'm afraid he's gone," he said. "I saw him fall from a ladder at that farm. Right from the roof. Terrible—terrible! And my heart, you know. It's weak!"

They sympathized again. They saw him through it until they reached Crewe. He rejected the old ladies' eau-de-Cologne, but there was no brandy left in three flasks.

* * *

The following morning the passers-by in the main street of a Midland town were concerned at the semi-collapse of a middle-aged man with sad eyes. He appeared to be the only one who had seen a boy escape a motor-lorry by the narrowest of margins. Fortunately the accident happened outside a wine merchant's, and the well-disposed proprietor assisted liberally in the Samaritan work of bringing him round. One of the spectators, however, hovering in the background, looked on with a somewhat peculiar expression on his face. He had recognized the sad-eyed man as the fellow-traveller who only yesterday had emptied his brandy flask.

* * *

Some months later a quiet conversation was proceeding in a carriage in a westerly-bound train between half-a-dozen men who had been strangers but had been drawn closer by a few remarks from the member in the corner seat, the man who appeared to have a secret sorrow. The train was pretty full and men and women were passing freely up and down the corridor to the continual disturbance of a man who hung about within range of the entrance of their particular carriage.

BED-TIME. From a drawing by Christian Gibson Temple

"A very peculiar appeal," the sad-eyed man was saying, "this western country has for me. Boyhood associations mainly. I love every field and hedgerow just here." He gazed, truly moved, at the flying landscape, and presently stood up to look more closely. A man in the corridor turned, fascinated, as though drawn by a magnet, to observe the proceedings.

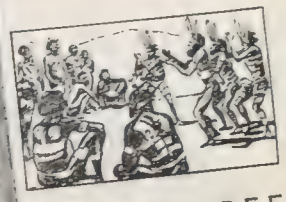
And it happened that the sad-eyed man fell back, collapsing into the arms of his neighbour. He stayed inert, with closed eyes, while the occupant of one seat fussed about and laid him down and made him comfortable. Then he murmured, stricken intensely, "God, what an accident! Cross roads . . . both cars smashed right up . . . overturned . . . flung over the hedge . . ."

They brought out their flasks, a noble array of them, and the man in the corridor rushed in to help.

"This will bring him round in no time," he said, and there was a certain authority in his tone that bade them give way to him.

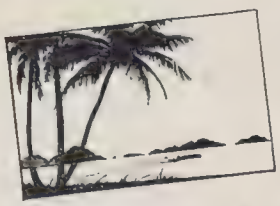
It did. In the one eye of the collapsed man that opened on the newcomer there was a look almost of inquiry. He drank, he choked, he gurgled, and professed himself, after one mouthful, quite cured, to the marvellings of the company. And the man from the corridor expressed his relief tenderly and appropriately, ignoring the look of hatred which the eyes, no longer sad, blazed at him in an unguarded moment. He well deserved that tribute, having drunk his brandy himself after recognizing that undeserving case for what it was, and begged some cold tea, to which he had thoughtfully added some salt from the restaurant car attendant.

SURF-RIDING
Anywhere on Australia's sunny coast line



CORROBOREE
Natives dancing in the moonlight

AND TO-MORROW + + + AUSTRALIA



The last day of the outward voyage + + + what memories of carefree days + + + jolly deck games + + + glorious sunsets + + + that friendly hour before the dressing bugle blew, when ice tinkled in the glass and all was well with the world + + + moonlit nights of music and dancing, the southern cross creeping ever higher + + + memories of romantic ports strung like pearls along the sea roads to Australia + + + Naples, Port Said, Colombo—Panama, Honolulu, Papeete + + +

And now to-morrow + + + the welcome of a young people in a setting of age-old beauty + + + where primitive man still lives + + + where tower some of the Empire's fairest cities + + + where quaint animals roam the giant forests of eucalypt, wattle and tree-fern + + + where mountain gorge, torrent and palm-dotted coral reef reveal their wonders of form and colour + + + where Sportsmen find new thrills and the great Australian outdoors is a perpetual exhilaration

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IN SNOWY LANDS

What the Eskimo Thinks About it

(See double page in centre of this issue)

TORONTO.

The popular conception of the Eskimos is that they are a dull-witted blubber-eating race of Arctic dwellers; that they live clothed in skins in snow houses, and subsist upon seals, walrus, and polar bear; that they have no social life and eke out a frigid existence in a land where darkness prevails—in short, that the Eskimo has no outlook on life but to eat to exist, that he is more animal than man!

This is entirely an erroneous belief. It is true that Eskimo land is associated with cold, snow houses, blubber, and long periods of darkness; but the cold is bearable, snow houses, when they do use them, are comfortable, blubber is used in similar proportions as we use oils and fats, and the period of darkness is to the Eskimo their most active social season.

The mind of the Eskimo is alert, receptive, sympathetic, and often deep. These people are quick to learn to use any of the advantages of civilization that trade may bring them, provided only it is of practical use to them. As a trader an alert Eskimo would shame one of our second-hand dealers, but at the same time he is responsible, inherently honest, and generous to those in need.

Unlike the Indian, the Eskimo is progressive and resourceful, and will "try anything once." They are generally handy-men and can carve ivory, repair guns, etc., and are specially clever at iron-work. They are quick to pick up the running and repairs of marine engines and dearly love to learn to read and write English.

The Eskimo of the Mackenzie River delta have long been associated with missionaries and traders, and some have developed successfully into both. Some years ago an elderly Herschel Island Eskimo had seen false teeth demonstrated on a whaling ship as a novelty to the "simple Eskimo." This Eskimo was sadly in need of a few teeth, and, inspired by the white man's false set, secured a few polar bear's teeth. These, with infinite skill and patience, he managed to screw into his old stumps, where they did valiant service in chewing that Arctic luxury, the black fin of the bow-head whale. Recently a Herschel Island Eskimo ordered a complete dental outfit in order to practise dentistry on his associates.

It is true that Eskimo land does not possess the refinements and advantages of ours, but to the Eskimo it is his country and he loves it dearly. A visit to civilization may interest and impress him, but nothing really surprises him. His slight reaction to strange sights is not surprising, for in his mind the thoughts of his country and its relation to the new sights is predominant.

When the really primitive Eskimo of Coronation Gulf heard the gramophone for the first time in 1916, they merely remarked "There is a little person in the box." The Eskimo have a firm belief in fairies, which they call "the little people," and the wonder of the white man's machine was lost upon them, they considered their own fairies to be just as good as those of the white man.

The primitive Eskimo had naturally no conception of the universe, but considered that their country was the whole world except that there were Indians in the country of the trees to the south whom they did not trust, a heritage of the Indian massacre of Eskimo at the Bloody Falls on the Coppermine River in 1717.

White visitors to their country were welcomed heartily, for a white man to them was a visitor, as an Eskimo from a neighbouring tribe, and should be given the best they had. Their hospitality was natural and easy, too much curiosity being considered bad manners.

Two primitive Eskimos who were taken to Edmonton on trial for murder from Coronation Gulf in 1917 were obedient and intelligent prisoners, and did exactly as the police directed through their interpreter, "for," they said, "we are in the white man's hands and must do as they say." Steamers did not awe them; a steamer was merely a "big boat," and the auxiliary pumping-machine was "the pup of the big engine," because the engines were apparently alive. Electric light was "as the moon" because it was used at night. A horse was "a big dog" because it was used for work. Domestic cattle were "big caribou" because they had horns and were used for food even as their caribou. A railway train was "a sled that ran without dogs."

At the trial both prisoners and witnesses fell into the court procedure without difficulty, and the prisoners were finally sentenced to life imprisonment to be served in the North. Their return to the North was immediate, but before they started it was considered that a visit to a large meat-packing plant would impress them most, for there they could see white man's food in the making.

The slaughter-house did not apparently impress them. They had killed plenty of animals in their own country. The rows upon rows of neatly-butchered carcases hanging in the freezing-plant failed to arouse any remarks other than "the meat would keep well in the cold and there was plenty of it." Quite by chance the party happened to pass the poultry department where a man was dexterously killing fowl and plucking them in almost one and the same motion. The Eskimo were spellbound; their interest and genuine admiration for this feat knew no bounds, "for," they said, "no Eskimo could ever kill and take the feathers off a ptarmigan as quickly and as well as the white man did," and long they continued to speak of this marvellous feat.

These prisoners were eventually pardoned and sent back to their own country, where they have since done good work for law and order.

Recently Uluksak, one of the murderers, developed a tubercular hip, and was taken by the English mission to its new hospital for Eskimos at Aklavik in the Mackenzie delta. His case was incurable, and he felt himself that he could not live much longer for he was a complete cripple. Death has no fear for the Eskimo but Uluksak made the request that he be allowed to return to his own country to die, "for," he said, "if I can only be in my own country, see my old wife and my own people, and have one good feed of seal meat, I will be happy to die." His request was granted, and he was taken on a stretcher by steamer into Coronation Gulf by the Hudson's Bay Company. At the mouth of the Coppermine River he was carefully put ashore, and he was left happy, holding a great reception surrounded by his own people, and beside him a generous dish of seal meat.

Strange sights came to Coronation Gulf in 1929 when the aeroplanes of the Northern Aerial Mineral Exploration Company and the Dominion Explorers winged their roaring flight over Eskimo land. The Eskimos had no fear of going up in a machine. An N.A.M.E. 'plane stopped at the mouth of the Coppermine and took up several. One Eskimo was requested to go up again to point out some special piece of country, and he requested that the descent might be made slower on account of "the last time I came to land my stomach almost dropped out."

But perhaps the *pièce de résistance* of the Eskimo mind came from Bathurst inlet, where an old Eskimo for the first time saw a 'plane. The old Eskimo approached it gingerly, felt its wings, and looked it underneath and all over. Finally he remarked "There is not much meat on it."

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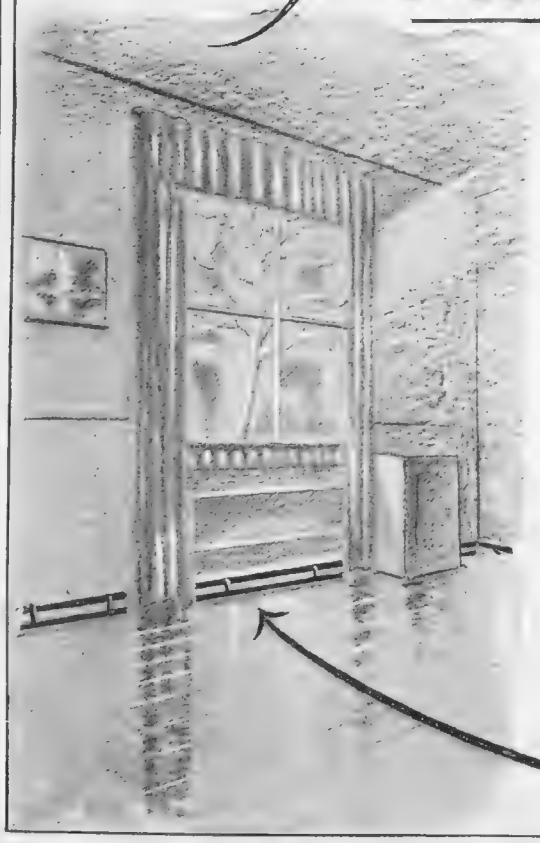

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· 1931 ·

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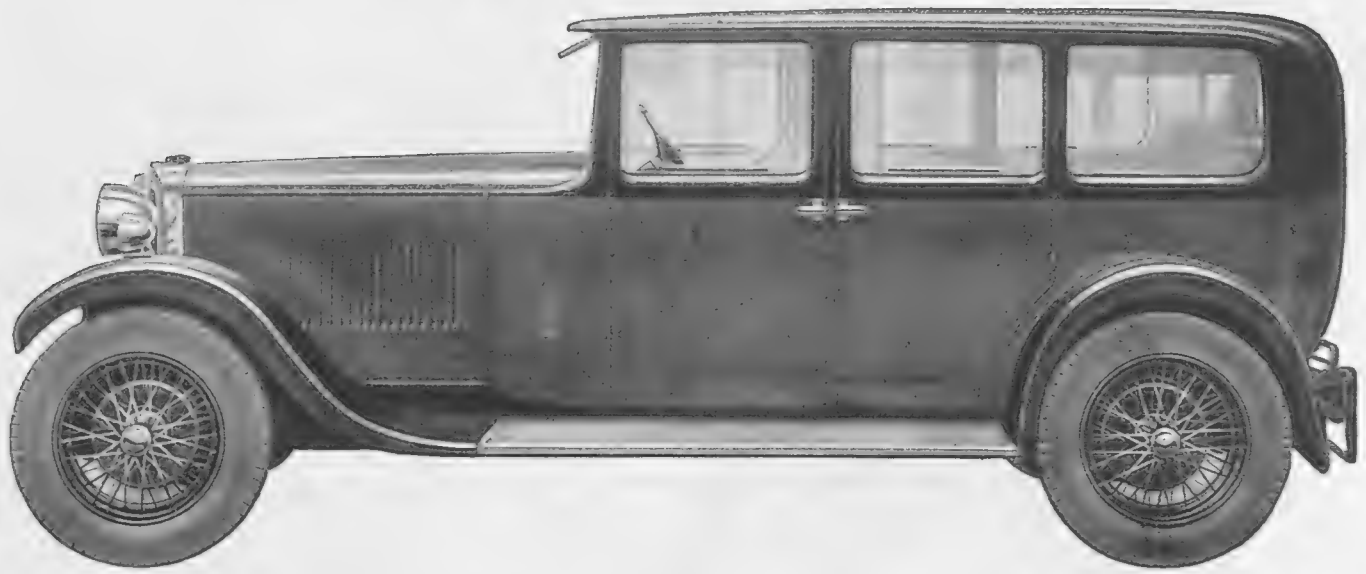

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THE YOGI'S CURSE

By H. I. Halliday, F.R.G.S.

India is a country of strange beliefs and stranger happenings. Most of the weird things that occur cannot be accounted for. All sorts of magic goes on, some of it made by men and understandable, some beyond human conception.

Take the former case. Among certain castes if a man has a grudge against another he will mould an image out of wood, or even clay, with some sort of resemblance to the one he hates. Thereupon he will proceed to hammer nails into it, or anything else he fancies, muttering incantations all the while, and the result is that his victim hears of it and pines away, and one day there is mourning in his house, and at dawn a body lightly wrapped in cloth is carried out and buried in an adjacent jungle—I have seen a man of education, who should have known better, actually begin to waste away and show every symptoms of a decline until he unburdened himself of the whole story. The remedy was short and sharp. His aggressor was run out of the place and the man became well again immediately, for evidently the magic only lasted while the magician was close by; yet why did the man obviously become affected?

Again, I had a servant living in my back quarters who contracted cerebral malaria—his temperature went up to 105 at a bound; when I heard of it I went down to see him. The rest of the servants stood round with gloomy faces, and I learnt the story. A woman had died in childbirth years before and was buried near the spot. Her ghost had a habit of visiting the servants' quarters. One man had actually wakened up and seen her standing at the foot of his bed. In the evening the sick man was taken ill; she had chased him and laid a hand on his shoulder. Immediately he had become insensible. It fitted in well, I must admit, but then you see all these kind of occurrences do fit in.

Luckily I had a fairly good Doctor Babu on the spot who had the knowledge to give an intravenal injection, and we pulled the man through after five days of tension.

All this can be explained. There is something tangible in it all, but the story of Pearson, the forest assistant, is different, and though I have thought the matter over often, I am still puzzled, and can see no reason of the why and wherefore. I knew Pearson from the time he came out, and for that matter I was with him, off and on, all the time he was out here. He was a cheerful soul and very little worried him, for he had a wonderful laugh which for sheer exuberance could hardly be beaten. He was obviously a sahib with a good public school education behind him, and the natives, than whom there is no one quicker to realize a real sahib, liked him too. He only had to ask and smile and they ran to do his bidding.

He came out as a forest assistant to a firm, and he was in the same district over which I was Divisional Forest Officer, so I saw a good deal of him. He took to the life well, and the heat of the hot season or heavy floods in the rains worried him not at all.

I used to meet him at odd times while he was wandering about the forest looking after his camps, and we spent many a pleasant evening together. Then came the trouble.

Pearson had to make a camp for his elephants and staff in a certain locality. This locality was, for the most part, low ground, and he spent some time in wandering round trying to find a spot above flood level. It was before the rains season, so that it was really rather difficult to tell, for unless you had some experience of the place you hardly knew how high the waters could rise in flood time. Most of the area was very dense jungle, and naturally the camp had to be on or near the banks of some stream so that the elephants could be washed and watered, and the population likewise.

Pearson cast round for some days, and at last found a spot.

"This will do very well," he said to his head *mohurrer*. "It is high ground. You will build the camp here and my *basha* will be there," and he pointed to a small *tela* on which stood an enormous tree. "Blow!" he cried, "that tree will have to be felled first, for there is no room."

"Very good, sir," replied the man, "It shall be as the sahib wishes."

Several days later I ran into Pearson and he was as cheerful as usual.

"I have had a devil of a time since I saw you last," he remarked, "trying to find a good spot for my camp. However, I've found the very place, thank goodness, and I shall be fairly dry in the rains."

He told me where the place was, and I remarked he had done good work.

As it happened, very shortly afterwards I chanced to be again in the vicinity, and thought I would look at the actual site of the camp—I was going through the forest on an elephant at the time, and behind me, partly as guide and partly because I liked the man, rode an old headman of the nearest village. This old fellow knew the jungle, as I found, inside out, for he had spent many days in his youth in following up game all over the place.

I remember we arrived at the site of the camp and found some people clearing the place, while two men were just beginning to fell a huge tree on a small knoll.

I heard a gasp from the old man behind me and I turned and looked at him.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"Sahib, look at those two men, look what they are doing. Stop them, sahib, or there will be trouble."

"Why? What is the matter?"

"Sahib, don't let them fell that tree."

"Why not?" I replied.

"It's sacred, sahib, for under that tree was a *than*."

Now a *than* might mean many things, but usually in this district it meant some spot where a holy man had taken up his residence, and had built a small temple, where people placed offerings and food for the mendicant.

"How do you know?" I asked cautiously.

"I know the spot well, sahib," was the reply. "When I was young a holy man used to live under that tree. He was very holy and could work strange miracles, but he was quite mad otherwise, for he kept a strange troup of monkeys in the branches of the tree. He died there and he was buried, so I heard, on the same spot."

(Continued on page 84)

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THE YOGI'S CURSE

(*Continued from page 82*)

I stroked my chin. After all, it was very little to do with me where young Pearson pitched his camp, and the spot certainly seemed the most desirable for some distance round the place.

"Nonsense," I replied. "This can't be the same spot. Anyway, it is many years since that happened, and it is the only spot that is available. Besides, you may have made a mistake."

"Sahib, I can't make a mistake," was the reply; "I know that tree too well. Evil will come as a result of felling that tree. Mark my words, sahib, and don't blame me when the time comes."

His words made me uncomfortable, and the ring of the axes felling the tree set me wondering whether I ought not to stop the work and see Pearson before it was completed.

While I sat meditating, however, it was too late, for with a roar and a crack that shook the ground the tree fell.

I turned and looked at the head-man, but his face seemed carved in stone, only his lips moved spasmodically.

I gave it up; after all it was Pearson's pigeon and not mine, and it was only by luck I happened to be there, yet I wished afterwards . . . yes, I wished very much.

The next time I saw Pearson was a few weeks afterwards. He seemed in remarkably good spirits.

"Hullo, old bean, down in the dumps as usual? You should have a liver like mine and be cheerful daily," was his greeting.

I was very hot and tired and his words did not cheer me as they should have done. I had landed up at his camp by luck when he had just taken possession of his new quarters. However, a brimming whisky peg made me look on the brighter side of things.

"You seem to be making yourself comfortable," I remarked, looking round the place and eyeing all his belongings, which had been put out neatly.

"Yes, not a bad site after all, is it?" and he laughed. "You know old Puaram, the head-man, came to see me when I was building the camp, and he seemed very worried. Said I had felled a sacred tree, or some such rot. I told him to go to Hell. No tree was sacred when an axe could cut it down. What do you think?" I remembered old Puaram's stony face as he sat behind me on the elephant, and the whole scene was vivid for a moment.

"I don't know," I remarked slowly. "The old man was very cut up when that tree was felled. You know I was here when it happened."

"Were you? Tell me about it."

I told him what the old man had said, but Pearson never worried. He was cheery the whole time I was there.

"Cheerio," was his parting remark. "Don't you worry about the old tree. I'll grow another a few yards back, and it will shade my little villa."

I heard nothing more of Pearson for another month, for my work took me to the other end of my district, and for a fortnight of it I was away staying with a friend, a brother Forest Officer. He was well versed in the lore of the land, and I remember one evening after dinner before turning in I told him about the episode. He was very interested.

"Young Pearson has laid up trouble for himself," was the remark he made at the end of the yarn. "Believe me, old fellow, it's not wise to trifle with such things. I've got some experience, and heard heaps more, and not for all the gold in the world would I do what that young fool has done. You should have stopped those men cutting it down."

When I got back to the area the youngster was working in I began to hear rumours, very little at first, but enough to set me thinking. They began by stating that Pearson sahib would not leave his camp. No one could understand it. Formerly he had been very energetic, and had got round his work enthusiastically.

When I heard it I thought the man might be ill, and made up my mind to go and see him.

I remember the evening I got there. It was at sunset, or just before, and it had been a hot, sunny day—a change after the days of rain we had been having. The jungle round was flooded, and when I got through and saw the camp in the evening light, with the tops of surrounding trees golden in the evening sun, there seemed no hint of tragedy. Pearson's camp seemed to be very well chosen, for it was high above the flooded country.

I gave a call as I entered the clearing, but there was no answer. (*Continued on page 86*)

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THE YOGI'S CURSE

(*Continued from page* 84)

Thinking Pearson was out I slid off my elephant some way from the *basha* and walked up on foot.

Turning the corner of the house I saw a sight that made me stop dead. Pearson was there. He was sitting on a low stool clad only in his shorts and nothing more. His chin was on his hand, and he crouched gazing over the stream in front of him. Silent, and as if carved in stone, he gazed, nor did he turn his head at the sound of my approach. He reminded me, in a single flash of insight, of a *Yogi*, or holy man, squatting before his little *than* gazing out benignly over the world, rapt in meditation.

"Pearson," I called.

He turned his head slowly and looked at me with a far-away look in his eyes. "What on earth is the matter?" I called again sharply.

At the sound of my voice he seemed to shake himself and started up.

"Hullo, old man, where have you come from. I was just meditating and you caught me napping. It's a wonderful peaceful spot isn't it. Couldn't have made my camp in a better place. I've never had such a peaceful time since I came to live here."

"So it seems," I remarked. "I've a bone to pick with you. What on earth are your log-cutters doing felling in the Reserve Area?"

"Reserve Area. I don't know. I haven't been out there lately. I didn't know they were working there," and he yawned.

"So it seems," I replied dryly. "Don't you think it's about time you went and had a look?"

"Oh, I don't know. It's far nicer sitting here and thinking over things."

"Think 'em over, my lad," I replied tersely; but to-morrow you are coming out with me. Stir yourself now, too, for to-night we will make together merry."

Pearson got up, languidly at first, but when he realized I was going to stay with him he began to make up, and some of his old-time liveliness came back.

He puzzled me a great deal during those two days I stayed at the camp. I could not make out what on earth had come over the fellow. At times he was quite genial and bubbling over with good spirits, then, suddenly, that far-away look would come into his eyes, and I noticed he became abstracted and then lost all interest in what he was doing. He became stupefied in a sense. The only time he seemed really his old self was when we were away from the camp, and he was cursing his log-cutters fluently for felling in the Reserve Area. Then he let himself go. They seemed, however, more surprised to see him going over their work than at the fluency of his language.

"Buck up, Pearson," were my last words on parting the next day. "You may have found a pleasant spot but you won't be allowed to stay here long if you don't get round your work." And I left him to chew on this.

I was sitting on my veranda one evening some time later, at headquarters, sipping a peg of whisky and calculating how long it would be to the cold weather, when a man entered the compound. He had obviously travelled some distance and in a hurry, and he was covered in mud and pouring with sweat. As he came nearer I recognised him as Pearson's head-man at his camp, and I went to the veranda rail to meet him.

"Well, Joigoo," I cried, "what do you want?" The man looked up at me and stood there panting a little as if out of breath.

"Sahib, I have come from Pearson sahib's camp." He hesitated a little.

"Well, what of it? Is all well there with the sahib and the work?"

"Sahib, I know not how to tell you, for you will think I am lying. All is not well," and he halted, and then blurted out, "Come at once sahib, and see for yourself, I cannot tell for it is beyond belief. You are a friend of Pearson sahib, and being a Jungly (Forest) Sahib, you will understand."

"Yes, but tell me, Joigoo, tell me what is the matter, for I must know before I start. Is the sahib ill or anything?"

"Ay, he is ill without doubt, but of an illness incurable by us or by any mortal means."

I stared at the man open-mouthed.

"Come at once, sahib, and see," was all he could say.

A couple of days later at evening found me again approaching the camp, but this time it was pouring with rain. The scene was just about as miserable as it could be.

I got off my elephant some way from the *basha* and splashed through the rain.

"Pearson, ho, Pearson," I called as I reached the house.

There was no answer.

I shouted for servants, and then it dawned on me that the place seemed deserted, for I received no answer again. Calling repeatedly in the direction of the camp at length I saw one of his servants come out of a house at my call. On seeing me he ran up.

"Where is the sahib?" I shouted angrily. "Why are you not keeping near his house?"

"We cannot catch him," was the astounding reply.

"What do you mean?"

"We cannot catch him, sahib, and he won't come back to his *basha*, but perhaps if you go out you can bring him in."

"Lead on," I said, puzzled at his meaning.

We splashed and waded through the jungle for a short distance till we reached a giant of a tree, when the servant pointed up in the branches.

Peering up in the dimming light I made out a white figure perched about half-way up, and with a start realized it was Pearson absolutely stark naked. He was sitting quite still gazing out vacantly into space.

He sat so still that I wondered if he was in a trance, and I was afraid to shout in case he lost his balance.

I called softly to him, but he remained in the same position, motionless.

I turned to the man with me and asked him if he would climb up and wake up Pearson and bring him down, but he shrank away at my suggestion.

There was nothing just but to go up myself. Making the man give me a leg-up to the first branch I commenced to climb.

I had got up about fifteen feet from the ground when my foot slipped and I gave a shout. I managed to regain my balance, but Pearson was roused at the cry and suddenly looked down.

The result was startling. He gave a curious cry, and breaking off a branch hurled it at me. Luckily it went wide, as did several more as

(*Continued on page* 88)

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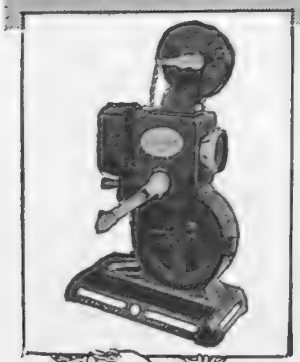

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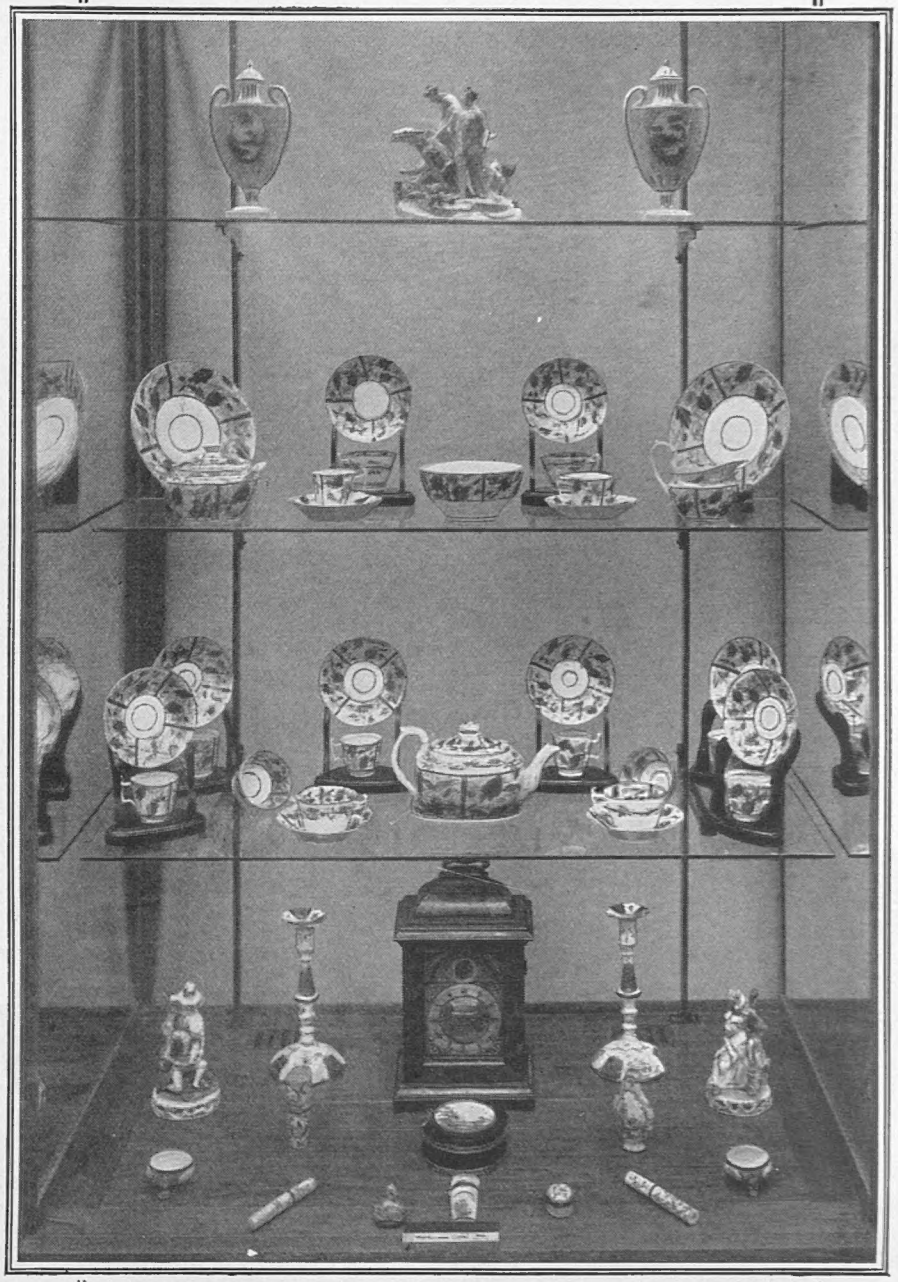

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THE YOGI'S CURSE

(*Continued from page* 86)

I crouched against the trunk of the tree. Then, with agility I could hardly give a man credit for, he swung down the branches straight at me, for all the world like a huge ape.

I began to descend as fast as I could, and when I was almost at the last branch he stopped about ten feet above me glaring at me. "Go away from my tree," he screamed, "leave me alone; who are you that comes to disturb me?"

"Don't be a fool, Pearson," I called back. "I've had enough of this nonsense. Come down at once and come back to your *basha* or I shall fetch you down."

The only answer I got was another piece of branch ripped off with the strength of a madman and hurled at my head. This roused my anger, and I began to climb, and at the same moment he swung down to meet me. I descended a few feet again and he followed, and then, realizing there would be a fight, I waited for him at the lowest branch.

Pearson literally flung himself at me the last few feet, and we fell together to the ground.

The fight that followed was dreadful, for he had the strength of ten and was screaming and foaming at the mouth. Shouting to his servant to help, we eventually pinned him down between us, and I remember gripping him by the throat and banging his head repeatedly on the ground till his body went limp.

When we got him to his *basha* and laid him on his bed he was still unconscious, but later he began to rave in delirium. For some days it was touch and go for his life, but we pulled him through, and when he was better we got him back to headquarters and shipped him home to England. He was quite harmless, but completely mad, under the delusion that he wanted to climb every tree he saw.

I went to see him on my last leave. He was absolutely normal and did not remember any of his experience in India.

"It was rough luck you know," he remarked, "but I wish I was back in the East, but they say I can't stand the climate."

THE END.

CHIMNEY CITY

(*Continued from page* 72)

night loomed in his mind. He turned and bolted through the silvery broomsedge. A flicker of something danced uncertainly through the high reeds and appeared for a glimpse in the clearing.

Silver gained the city. Winds raving and sobbing down its ten chimneys. He must not listen to it. It sang words, words that could drive him as mad as Clarkin.

The dark was swallowing and belching Clarkin. Through a clabbery rift in the sky he saw him with outspread arms whirling through the broomsedge. If the clouds would not cover the moon so often perhaps he could follow him. Then he was too tired to move, too tired to care, and he dropped, spent, on a pile of rocks near a clump of willows.

The moon brought back the shadows.

Clarkin was within the thicket of willows! He was laughing to himself and tearing grey moss from a small dogwood tree. So this was the silver hair, silver as moon mist. Silver cringed on the pile of rocks and hid his face in his arms. He could not bear to look. Where was his mother? What could have become of her? Suppose Clarkin should discover him there? Then he heard Merla calling . . . calling against the wind.

* * *

Merla Borthwick ascended the winding stairs to Silver's room. She was thinking to herself "wrapped in moss tightly as a cocoon; dead in a cemetery no one knew or suspected." She smiled thoughtfully. "So like Clarkin to choose his own shroud." She sat on the window-sill and bowed her vivid head in the grey veil of misting rain. Trenches worn by last night's anxiety were in her forehead. She had not known that Silver followed Clarkin. The lantern had needed oil. Minutes counted so last night.

Silver stole to her side. "Mother, you won't let the 'Home' bury him?"

"No, darling, Clarkin was our guest. Run back and sit with the minister."

Merla gathered the dishevelled covers in her arms to carry down. A thumbed notebook fell from beneath the pillow. Whimsical old rhymer. What if some great hand could have cleared his dimmed memory! Merla opened the book. "I made two golden keys to the moon——" she read, and looked away. There lay Clarkin's pipe on the candle-stand; here on the bed was his white shirt ready for another day. Fastidious and neat, this Prince of Tramps, even his songs unflecked with the dust of tramping. Suddenly she was proud of him. He was always so happy to get back to her, so gentle with Silver. Her lips trembled.

"Clarkin," she whispered, "what is it? Why is it? This unanswered question of your past and mine? What invisible tie drew you to the chimneys and to me?"

She sat on the bed with Clarkin's faded coat in her lap. Her hand caressed the sleeve, collecting lint as it passed. Lint from yesterday, when he had played with Silver at the chimneys. Something hard beneath the lining stayed her fingers. She turned the sleeve quickly. There sewed together were a brass key and a ringlet of yellow hair.

"My key?" she asked. Trembling and eager she carried the key down to her bedroom. She fumbled behind the clock and found the little brass key in its accustomed covert. She placed the two keys side by side on her palm. They would unlock the same door. They would unlock the moon, Clarkin's moon. "God!" she sobbed, "why did I have to learn too late?"

She must pull herself together. Cartwheels creaked on the walk. A last lingering look, and Clarkin would go back to the cemetery which he had sought all these years. She brushed blindly past the minister and stood above Clarkin. Silver looked dumbly at her. No, he would never hurt her with yesterday's awakening. Now she must never guess or know. Then he saw the two keys in her hand.

"You have a New Testament, ma'am, to lay on his breast?"

Merla shook her head. She slipped the two keys in Clarkin's folded hands. "These will unlock his heaven," she said.

THE END.

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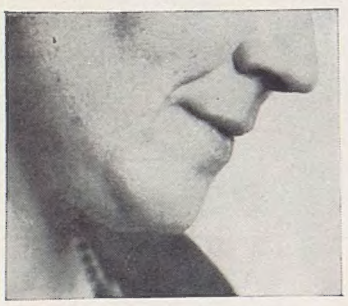

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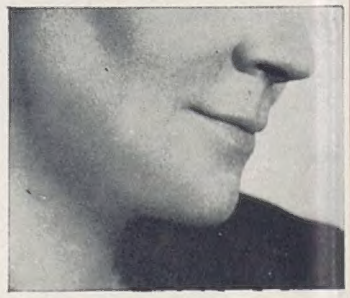

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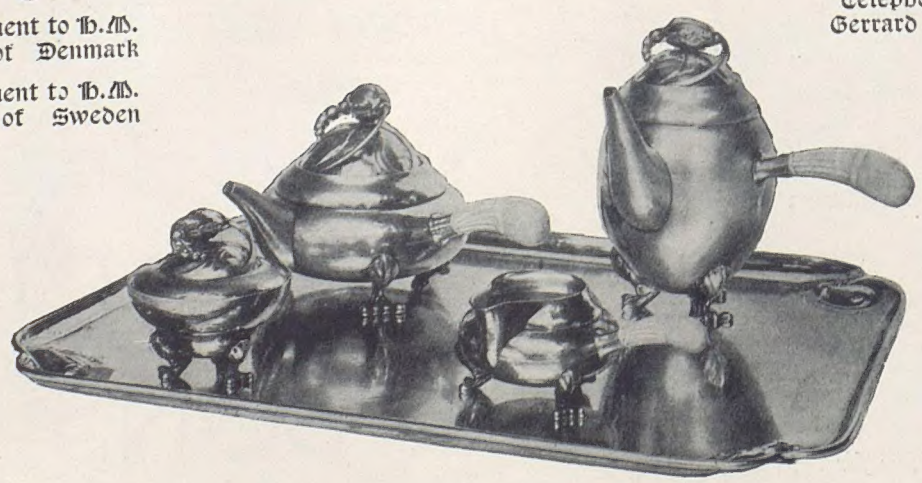

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